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MUSICAL LECTURES AND SKETCHES.

J. PROUDMAN.

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MUSICAL

LECTURES AND SKETCHES.

BY

JOSEPH PROUDMAN.

LONDON:
F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.
—
1869.

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PREFACE.

THE aim of this Book is to give information on Musical Topics in a pleasant and non-technical manner. It is dedicated to all those who, while loving music themselves, would wish to see the English become more than ever a musical nation.

These chapters are for the fireside of the Amateur, rather than for the study of the Professional Musician; and the Author hopes that useful hints may be obtained by the many who have neither time nor opportunity to make music more than a recreation or an accomplishment.

Lest some should not understand the references to the particular Choir mentioned in one or two chapters, the following quotations will sufficiently explain what it did, as an amateur choir, under the Author's direction :—

From the "Times," October, 1867.

"This year has been especially memorable in the history of choral music, by the fact that the Tonic Sol-fa Association achieved a most honourable success in France, and obtained a Medal of equality in the great musical competition held during the summer in connection with the Paris Exhibition."

From the "Athenæum."

"One of the two First Prizes, it must be recorded, was carried off by our 'Tonic Sol-fa Association,' the members of which sang the 'Hunting Song,' &c. . . . It should be added, that the Prize consisted of a Gold Exhibition Medal for the Choir, another for the Conductor, Mr. J. Proudman, and a Silver-gilt Wreath (to be borne on a banner). The 'Society of Orpheonists' also gave Mr. Proudman their Decoration of Honour, to be worn on the breast."

STOKE NEWINGTON,
April, 1869.

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MUSICAL LECTURES & SKETCHES.

ON CHOIR-TRAINING, AND THE PARIS PRIZE CHOIR.

THE aim of this lecture is, as far as possible, to place the matter of choir-training in the simplest language before the mind, so that the most modest worker in class or choir may get some practical good.

Lessons on voice-training have been given by some of our most accomplished teachers, and the subject might be considered somewhat stale but for the remembrance that the same truth, when reflected through a different mind, may, like light through a prism of different cut, appear with new force and clearness, or send a ray into a corner where darkness has heretofore dwelt. Avoiding quotations from authors, which all may read, or words which require a glossary, this lecture offers the results of old truths digested by thought, tested by experience, and illustrated by some small work accomplished. We should bear in mind that the basis of success in any undertaking is thoroughness and knowledge, enterprise and courage, patience and power; and these are indispensable in that of choir-training.

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The first point to which attention may properly be called is—

"WHAT IS THE NECESSARY MATERIAL FOR A GOOD CHOIR?"

Unfortunately in London we have no great choice of voices. The atmosphere we breathe is a mixture of smoke and adulterated air, which muffles all our voices. Observation will show that London voices are not bad in themselves, but they have no fair opportunity for free and healthy play in this grimy town. Our singers, when in Paris, felt the benefit of the change of air, and acknowledged it freely; and especially does the impure air affect our male voices. One scarcely knows which is most rare—a pure tenor, or a real bass voice. The race of singers in London seem to be all settling down into *baritones*. How often do teachers hear the answer—"Well, I usually sing bass, but I think I am a baritone, Sir." We have had to warn several young men against what might be called the baritone bubble. Because of the inertness of constitution, born of London smoke, we have basses who cannot reach lower A with clearness, and tenors who crack at upper E; yet some of these baritones who could "only sing bass, Sir," can easily be led to upper A, to their own amazement and unbelief. A necessary point in selecting a choir, is the right kind of voice in the right place—no dissatisfied contralto among the sopranos, no lazy tenor among the basses, nor an ambitious bass among the tenors. This should be a law. The next point is, that the quality should be good. Have small voices if they are of proper quality. Be most cautious in the selection of "big" voices; these will often be your "big" trouble. Avoid all flat voices

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with bad intonation, and all metallic and absorbing voices, which you can neither bend, polish, nor fuse. And it is well to remember, that solo-trained voices, unless *all* are such, are a dangerous element in a choir; and unless they will work equally with the rest, they will endanger its success.

The second point to be realized is—

"THE AIM OF THE TRAINER."

First, there should be confidence—we do not mean mere self-reliance on the trainer's part, but a perfect understanding between choir and teacher. It should include undisputed authority on the one side, and cheerful, intelligent obedience and submission on the other. This may be defined as the *moral* aim of the trainer. There should be no two opinions uttered on any subject in matters of voice, of exercises, or of expression. The word of the trainer should be the law of the choir. He should think for them—think wisely and cleverly; and they, as a mirror, should reflect in bright and sunny ray the thoughts of his mind. In thus commencing his work the next point to be gained is a *pure tone*. What do we mean by this? Unfortunately there is too much need for the caution. How many singers give us sweet unadulterated tone without breathiness, and without effort? One has a guttural taint, another a rattling accompaniment in the throat: numerous are the evils which untrained singers are heir to. All these things must be stripped from the voice like husks from grain, or dross from gold, until only pure and precious tone be left. Then, we want to get perfect intonation, and, above all, the proper "splicing" and blending of the registers of the voice. All these things have to be accom-

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plished in each voice. Next, we have to treat the choir as four persons, and to get oneness of tone in each part, with uniform delivery and tempered force; then, balance of power between the several parts, until the choir assumes, as nearly as possible, the fair proportions of a well-balanced quartet.

The third important thing is—

"THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATION OF A TRAINER."

First, take for granted musical ability. This should be of no common kind for a successful choir-trainer. It should include a perfectly attuned ear, sensitive to the slightest error in tune, quick to detect mistakes in music, and true as a compass in matters of expression and taste. Second, we hold there should be voice. A pattern is as needful in voice-training as in elementary teaching, and pupils are more apt to believe in a thing *done* than in a thing merely described: here example is better than precept. This vocal capacity should include the ability to produce pure tone and bad tone, to specimen the voice in the various registers, to give chest and head tones, and to join the two. This latter feat is difficult to describe in words, and it is not easy to "pattern," but the pattern is the best teacher. Scarcely a male singer in a dozen can do more than talk about the various registers of the voice; and only as the reward of wearying toil, and repeated effort, on the part of trainer and trained, can any fair success be attained. Many of us will never forget the first few lessons in this department in training the Paris Choir. What a hotch-potch of voice! How crude and rough! What a prospect of filing, cutting down, and polishing, before we could hope to get a single pillar in our choral building, polished

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as well as strong, and harmonious withal. Vocal ability is also a great help to the teacher in the study of expression; how much better to describe the desired form of a phrase, by singing it, than by talking for five minutes, with a wilderness of Italian words, as the language of musical eloquence! Musical memory is also desirable: this enables the trainer to lift his eyes from his music, to watch the choir. His eye should do what Dickens's hero Simon Tappertit's was supposed to do, though in a different way, viz., produce a corrective effect on whomsoever it rests. The trainer's eye can criticize, caution, cheer, or check; it can remind, remonstrate, or rebuke; it should look into the minds before him, and by its light and strength foster in the choir the magic of spontaneous song, illumined by feeling and fancy. There must be, as hinted at the outset, self-reliance, authority, patience, and kindness, to accomplish the education of the choir, from its first lesson to its last achievement.

Our fourth point is—

"THE NECESSARY MACHINERY FOR CHOIR-TRAINING."

This should be as simple as possible, disencumbered of all that is useless, and consist of voice exercises, and what may be called choir gymnastics, or drill; these should be regularly used, and inflexibly insisted on. Here we may note that the modulator or *scale* should be the first implement of vocal training. First, *teach* the exercise, then *use* it. Little do some dream of the power treasured up in our simple picture of the scale. It is used in our first lessons, and we only love it the more in our latest. We believe it will become ultimately the Union Jack of

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England's music, as now it is a flag of truce between the rival systems. Then the voice exercises should be constructed for the formation of the voice, the production of the pure tone (before referred to), and the proper and judicious exercise of the vocal organs. They should also help to give command of voice, increase in power and compass, the proper use of the registers, with proportionate control of all these elements. Then, exercises are required to give facility of execution; this includes good delivery, flexibility, correctness of interval, management of breath, and power of maintaining pitch, and above all to give ease, grace, and facility. Now the question comes—What kind of voice exercises are likely to accomplish this end? Here is the point of discretion for the judicious trainer, as one set of voices will require cultivation in one direction, and another especial care in the very opposite. We do not know of a better set of exercises published, than those in the "Standard Course." Yet it is sometimes necessary to put aside half your *sets* of lessons, in order to let a few good exercises have time and play, to produce effect. We may accept the rule, that the simpler the means, the speedier the result; for instance, there is no exercise more trying and useful than that of ascending and descending the common scale with four-pulse tones, say at M. 50, using the vowel Ah, and insisting on full, round, pure tone. Very few voices can accomplish this task without flattening, and the trainer will require great firmness to enforce this exercise with regularity. With regard to the vowel in use some prefer a word like "scala," others of us agree with the great old master, Porpora, who said that "the improvement of the voice is best acquired by sounding the letter 'A'

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(sounded 'Ah'), the position of the mouth in uttering that vowel being most favourable to the production of a fine, clear, harmonious tone." Yet there are cases in which the sound of "oo," as in "who," is very useful in voice-training, especially where there has been total neglect in the cultivation of true chest tones. Now and then we may have a voice totally deficient in this respect. True, this is not the common fault; the great error is the opposite, viz., no knowledge of the head or throat voice. Yet one has met cases, all head voice, varied only by that unnatural squeal called "falsetto;" and in these cases the application of the sound "oo" is very useful in helping the pupil to realize the chest tones in their early efforts to produce them.

Next in value to common, slow scale exercises, we consider common, slow *chord* exercises; these help to tune and form the voice, and to refine it of some of its dross, but their power is in their slowness and decisiveness. The trainer's face should be determinedly set against the hurry of the class or choir to get through these details as quickly as they can. At best they will take them as children take physic; but if the result is to be satisfactory, take them they must, and in large doses too. Without depreciating the value of the "Additional Exercises" as a whole, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, are especially to be commended; they are very useful in promoting freedom in vocalizing, ease in delivery, and facility in execution. There is one exercise which has been used very successfully by our friend Mrs. Stapleton—it is the invention of Mrs. Hunt, the well-known musical preceptress. And for the purpose of strengthening and extending the voice, encouraging proper delivery, and of

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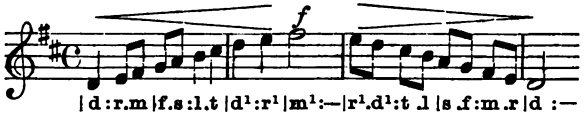
moulding the form of tone, there is no other exercise of such magic power. Taken in various keys, and at various rates of speed, it is almost sufficient to train a voice in itself; it consists of a simple octave and a third, and the return. Thus:—

| d :r.m |f.s :l.t |d^1 :r^1 |m^1 :—|r^1.d^1:t .l |s .f :m .r |d :—

The pleasure we have in the possession of this exercise is not less but more, that it was introduced to us by our esteemed friend and fellow-teacher, Mrs. Stapleton. Its effect is wonderful; we may see the source of its power in that, a step at a time, we can stretch the voice, until the pupil, without knowing what he is doing, *is* accomplishing that which he longs to do.

But to turn to

"PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN THE MATTER OF VOICE-TRAINING,"

A notable error of voice-trainers is that they cultivate all one way; it is up, up, constantly: A^1 and B^1 for tenors, B^1 and C^1 for sopranos, F^1 and G^1 for basses! and they often leave the lower tones to care for themselves. To refer to the Paris Choir: the basses were mostly "baritones," the altos were many of them female baritones (*i.e.*, mezzo-sopranos), and we wanted some means of increasing their strength and compass downwards. We sought, and could not easily obtain an exercise to answer this purpose, so we had to *manufacture*, we will not say invent, one. Retaining the idea of *stretching*

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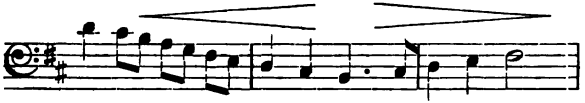
the voice, by an inversion of Mrs. Hunt's exercise, and a modification of its form, we succeeded in getting a rough means of effecting our object. It consists of an octave and third in descending, re-ascending to the third of the scale, and very serviceable we found it.

|d^1 :t.l |s.f:m.r |d :t_1 :l_1 :-.t_1 |d :r |m :—

The use of the "chromatic" scale is very valuable to a choir, especially when tested by the fork, as to the precision in pitch: it should be used until it can be sung perfectly in several keys.

It has often been a matter of remark to some of us, that singers take common octaves with much less certainty than other intervals. Some we have known who, though they could take a sixth or seventh perfectly, would be slightly out of tune in using the replicate. To return to the Paris Choir experience. It was difficult to find the thing we wanted, and so we had to use the following device, and found it a great help in giving freedom of step in octaves:—

|d	:d^1	:d	|r	:—	:—	|r	:r^1	:r	|m	:—	:—
|m	:m^1	:m	|f	:—	:—	|f	:f^1	:f	|s	:—	:—
|s	:s^1	:s	|l	:—	:—	|l	:l^1	:l	|t	:—	:—
|t	:t^1	:t	|d^1	:—	:—	|d^1	:d	:d^1	|t	:—	:—
|t	:t_1	:t	|l	:—	:—	|l	:l_1	:l	|s	:—	:—
|s	:s_1	:s	|f	:—	:—	|f	:f_1	:f	|m	:—	:—
|m	:m_1	:m	|r	:—	:—	|r	:r_1	:r	|d	:—	:—

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"ON CHOIR GYMNASTICS."

With respect to the gymnastics of a choir there is need of the greatest vigilance in three directions. First, there is want of freedom in opening the mouth; sometimes the teeth, like shutters, will box in the sound, or the lips, like winter curtains, muffle up the tone, or, perhaps, it may be the tongue, rolled up like a hedgehog, unruly member as it is, making a Hill Difficulty, over which the voice must travel before it can find egress, and only does so malformed and false. There should be exercises, in the use of which the singer thinks only of his mouth, his lips, or his tongue, and during which he can learn to dispose of them properly. Here the teacher should be able to "pattern" for his choir. The second point to be noticed is breath management; this includes the proper way of inhaling. We Londoners are too often found gasping and panting through the mouth, instead of through the nostrils. In fact, there is often such a misconception of the respective use of mouth and nostril, that many breathe through the mouth, and sing through the nose, as though this were the proper vocal duty of man. What we want is slow, deep, lung-filling inspirations, with such acquired muscular control, that the air can be taken in, or given out, at will, without haste or inconvenience. In close connection with this is the common neglect of musical drill as to attitude, and the disposition of the body during vocal effort. The rule of an expanded chest and lung is constantly evaded, and the expansion takes the other and aldermanic form, which reverses the proper state of things. Great must be the care and effort, both of teacher and pupil, to keep the chest expanded, during an

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exhausting musical passage; and after it is finished, the lungs should not be allowed to collapse; and this is a point which will require constant attention.

With regard to the matter of expression, attention has been so often called to it, that it is not needful to enter upon it now. If it were treated of at all, it would require both time and illustration.

A few remarks on the second part of the subject announced in the title of this lecture may be acceptable, viz., the Choir which we had the honour to train for the Paris Competition; and they may serve to illustrate, or enforce, what has been said already. First, how was it that any measure of success attended the labours of the Paris Choir? Was it that the voices were uniformly choice ones? We answer at once, Not so. Good voices there undoubtedly are in the Choir, but the majority cannot pretend to an organ of more than average quality. We are afraid, we must say, that it was *not* because the voices were properly cultivated before they came! as we are told Leslie's voices are. Very few tenors could define by illustration the head voice; few basses could produce good lower chest tones; the ladies opened their mouths less widely than they do now, and all required work. In what, then, lay the success of the Choir, such as it is, after the use of such appliances as those mentioned here? It may be summed up in the words—hard work, intelligent aim, and undoubted perseverance. Many a time did the trainer's arm ache (and sometimes his heart misgave him too); many were the relapses into bad ways, until hope grew dim. We were left very much to ourselves; what was our solace? hard work! what our cure for deficiencies? hard work! what

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the remedy for things unattained? more work! If it was not "work! work! work! till your eyes grow weary and dim," it was work! work! work! till you really begin *to sing!* And this is the secret of all success, as necessary for the intelligent and gifted, as for the humble plodder. The only royal road to victory, in such matters, is the old Macadam of *hard* and *taxing toil.* But it would be churlish not to acknowledge, that, many and onerous as were the duties of the singers, they were so cheerfully and earnestly undertaken, as to gain the esteem and friendship of their trainer, as they improved under his care; and if any success has been achieved they deserved it, for they gained their "crown" by a weary pilgrimage of forced marches, and resolute toil.

If this address gives nothing new, it gives so much that is *true*, that many a teacher and class may perhaps be encouraged to aim at a higher style of singing, and more earnest work, than they have hitherto attempted. A good natural gift, many fine voices, yea, all fine voices, will never make a first-class choir without *work;* but a humble class may produce beautiful and intelligent singing, with judicious and conscientious toil.

"MUSICALITY OF THE FRENCH."

Very significant is the fact that "mixed choirs" are a rarity in France. It augurs well for our social system, that there is no hindrance to the union of the sexes in the pursuit of pleasant and healthful recreation, as found in our choral societies and classes. A very wonder it must have been to the startled Parisians, that so many young and fair "Anglaises" should be trusted, not only out of sight, or out of town, but out of country, for days together. And

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we hope that the moral lesson may not be lost upon them, but may influence them for good. Let us expect that France's sons and daughters may soon breathe together the same healthy atmosphere of innocent enjoyment. But what of *French choirs?* They undoubtedly possess fine manly voices. Their basses were especially sonorous and choice. This natural richness is no doubt fostered by the soft, pure air of their beautiful country, and is unimpaired by a grimy, dusty, and smoky atmosphere, such as we have in London. They remind one of the voices of Yorkshire and Lancashire men. As to the balance of parts, there seemed a general weakness in their first tenor; difficult passages were often given to selected voices, if not to a single voice, and even their best choir had to be rescued by their conductor in an emergency. As to French "style," some think it almost melodramatic, but their expression seems all outside. There is wonderful dexterity, daring, and energy! and the result is a kind of pyrotechnical musical display, which astonishes the mind more than it stirs the emotions, charms and attracts the fancy more than it refines and elevates the spirit! It seems to us that there is an absence of that highest expression, which deals with human feeling rather than outward description. And this applies to the *music* sung by the French choirs. Not one choir could we find which based its reputation upon the classic productions of the world's great masters. The music was from French masters; such composers as Handel and Mendelssohn, or even Mozart and Rossini, were unrepresented. In vain did we look for that class of music which required thought and invention in the performers, to elicit the veiled ideas of poet and musician; their way was mapped out for them in "cres.," syncopa-

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tions, &c., and in the ordinary effects of light and shadow, used, it is true, to an extraordinary extent. We can understand how a few masterly phrases may form an electric wire, along which may thrill a very epic, burdened with feeling and fraught with moral beauty. So far as we can judge, this kind of study has not largely engrossed the attention of our French neighbours. As to choir-training, there did not seem to be much proof that this department had been attended to for itself alone: there was a wonderful wealth of voice, which had by constant practice become, to a considerable extent, welded, but no such oneness of parts as can proceed from proper vocal drill.

As to the result of our visit to Paris. This should be mutual improvement. No one believed the English could sing, before we went to Paris. Our own messenger, who preceded us, returned with rueful face, and told us of general disbelief. At any rate, we have exploded that notion. Let us take what we can of good from them, and rejoice if we have done any ourselves. The mere interchange of courtesies in the International Theatre, and in the Palace of Industry, has done something toward mutual progress, as each must acknowledge and admire the excellence of the other.

Who that could have seen our ladies exchanging copies of music with the young gentlemen Orphéonistes of Lille, as our "Hunting Song" passed current for their "Le Tyrol," and as "Partant pour la Syrie," in the two musical languages, was handed from choir to choir,—who that witnessed the intelligent enthusiasm with which each eagerly scrutinized the song of the other, but must have endorsed the sentiment of one of the musical papers of Paris, which said that "music is an art which cements hearts?"

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We trust that we have not seen the last of such competitions, and hope that this experience will encourage us to produce that material from which we may form many choirs, which shall be willing and able to do friendly battle for national music and taste; and to make England expect to find her future choral champions where she found her first.

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MR. STACCATO SPIRITO'S FIRST CONCERT.

(HOW HE CONDUCTED HIMSELF, AND HIS CHOIR.)

IN introducing Mr. Staccato Spirito to you, it is not only to make fun of him, but to "point a moral and adorn a tale" in this direction, namely, the proper conduct of concerts. Thanks to "sol-fa," there never were so many concerts given in England as now, and as a matter of course, never were so many conductors. Having got hold of the secret memoranda of one of these gentlemen, we take the liberty of presenting you with his experiences, as detailed to a friend. His tale will be best told in his own words, which you will observe are of a sort chosen not so much for public as for private ears. He writes as follows:—

"From my earliest days, that is, since I lost the wonder I used to feel at seeing a man stand up with his back to the audience and wave a stick about, before a choir or band, very much to the hindrance of the performers, as I childishly thought; and since it first dawned upon me that he was not conjuring, nor mesmerizing, but was really doing something useful and necessary—I say, from that time I became inspired with the ambition to conduct a concert. In my later boyhood it broke out in attempts at a "band" which I shall never forget. I fancy

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I see them now! A series of cousins who fifed upon tin whistles, tromboned through long rolls of paper, cornetted on the penny trumpet, and drummed on a teaboard! I used to do the conducting with the spirit of a Costa, and a bâton worthy of a special constable. Many a night have we 'made hideous,' until want of musical taste in the parental department shortened our revels and altered our tune. As years increased, I used to find my bump of time continually in a state of irritation, and this, conjoined with an inflamed organ of tune; made me restless and uneasy, because ambitious to exhibit my propensities before an admiring audience. And I must confess to considerable egotism, which is extenuated on these grounds, viz., I could see so few who could do the thing properly (in my opinion). I noticed how some took the idea of beating time so literally, that they performed the operation as though they were beating carpets or naughty boys. Others more graceful 'waved their wands' as though they were magicians or mesmerists, or as Professor Anderson would have done a conjuring trick. Some I saw who never looked at the performers, nor insisted that the performers should look at them, in fact, would evidently rather they did not. Some pliantly followed the choir, others sweetly agreed to differ, while each and all went their different way. Now, I thought, I will just give a hint as to how the thing should be done! Unfortunate bump of self-esteem, it would crop up even now as it did in my youth (I was now a man of 21!). A boyish incident might be recorded. My father played the clarionet, and belonged to an amateur band, which used to accompany philanthropic excursions, and work its passage on the steamer with the 'pipe and tabor.' I

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remarked that my sire would often leave off his playing, and mark the time with his instrument, in order to keep the score of gentlemen players together. I stood with itching fingers and restless spirit, until I could bear it no longer, and, child as I was, I stepped into the magic circle of sound, and proposed that 'I should do that (meaning the conducting), as it would enable my father to play!' I could not for years understand why they all laughed at me so. But to resume my experiences. I had done some elementary teaching, about enough to show me that I wanted a good deal more instruction myself, and had I not been musically diseased, I should have known that I was totally ignorant of the maestro's duties. But I had droned on long enough, I must have a concert! This I resolved upon. My class was not a large one, and did not consist of more than 40 members, many of whom could now sing fairly. Great was the applause when I announced to them that I intended giving a concert. The glow of pleasure I experienced at the reception of my announcement was pardonable in so young a man, who found his ambition rashly fostered by pupils and friends. And remarks such as these found favour with my class:—'Didn't Mr. Mendelssohn Muddlenote give a public performance every year? and what could he do? (Hear, hear.) There was Mr. Handel Bishop Rashleigh who had a room full of people twice a year to laugh at his attempts at an entertainment. (Laughing and clapping.) And Mr. Crescendo Cracktone was hissed off the platform once a quarter! We could improve on all this!' (More applause than ever.) Well, what should we do? Great was the sensation when I told my dazzled pupils that we

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should perform the *Messiah* with orchestral accompaniments. Already the ladies were divided over two questions, namely, how they should dress, and who should sing the solos; and the gentlemen were trying to look as though they had no desire or intention of dressing or singing at all. Little did I dream of the crop of trouble I should reap for all this! Here I was, committed to a classical performance, to be entirely amateur, and with a band! And I had not got a single fiddle! My hope of an orchestra originated in my hearing an amateur band play in a school-room on my way to the class. Having heard them rehearse the overture to the *Messiah*, I had made up my mind to propose a coalition. Accordingly, I introduced myself to the band, and in answer to my inquiry, 'If they felt equal to accompany the *Messiah?*' the leader affirmed that they 'knew the thing by heart.' I arranged for a full rehearsal on the spot, and thus stood committed to my first concert.

"Things went on famously at our choir rehearsals, until the night of the full and final rehearsal came. Immense was the excitement occasioned by the anticipated admixture of instrumental with our vocal performance. I, the poor conductor, was in my place some three-quarters of an hour before the time of commencement, with a huge orchestral score before me (which I now saw for the first time), and which awfully bewildered me; the very pages I scarcely knew how to turn over, let alone read. I was in an inward shiver lest the 'first fiddle' should detect my helplessness, and roll the glory of my bâton in the dust. I sat thus pondering for some time the mysteries of *Flauti* and *Tympani*, when a solemn looking man entered, with an instrument nearly as long

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as a clothes-prop (and very like one), and asked me where he was to 'hang out?' He meant this for a pleasantry, but *I* associated the idea with his instrument, and thought of linen and drying. I feebly smiled at him, and told him he could sit anywhere. I had no idea of there being a proper place for him! He accordingly sat down on the seats usually occupied by my sopranos, and commenced blowing out his cheeks in an awful manner. I thought something had got inside his bassoon, and he was trying a pneumatic experiment to expel it by force of air. I continued my study of the score with the lowing accompaniment of the bassoon, until another appeared with a French horn. Well, I thought, what on earth have you got to do? Next appeared three trombones! I began to wonder where the strings were, the Rifle Band element seemed so to preponderate at present. However, after three flutes, came the desired stringed instruments, in the following proportions, viz.: one violin primo and a half (*i.e.*, a father and his son), one violin secondo—a solemn, anxious man, who seemed ever near weeping, and never able to accomplish a tear. These, with a single violoncello, formed my band. But so engrossed was I that I forgot my singers, until I perceived a knot of sopranos gazing in wonder upon my bassoon player, who, blown out in an awful manner, and by my leave in their seat, was now in a state of complete abstraction, holding a preliminary rehearsal of his part. It seemed a mercy to stop him lest he should die of asphyxia. I gathered sufficient presence of mind to enable me to ask him respectfully to move, seated my ladies, and gave sign for the rehearsal to begin. There was a preliminary interval for tuning up, with the usual creaking of keys,

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rubbing of bows, and getting into tune the various instruments. What a fix I was in! I could feel that my second fiddle was out, but I could not tell where—I did not know the name of a string! So I left them to their fate, pitying my own. We rehearsed! Never shall I forget it! I was so flustered with my score that I had no idea of the performance of a single piece. Three weary hours I wagged a stick to a chaos of sound, and that was all I knew. I groaned over my folly, that I had sought help of a strange band at my first concert; however, my paternal leader informed me that 'when the band was filled up the effect would be magnificent!' In my ignorance this soothed me; the band was not filled up! I commissioned my friend the leader to 'fill up,' and he added, 'that with Mr. Concussion to do the kettle drums, and Mr. Blowitt to do the trumpet *obbligato* on the cornet, the rest could be done on the harmonium you know.' I assented, though I didn't know. He encouraged me, and I became more hopeful and inclined to make the best of it. I was also encouraged by a report that tickets were selling, and that we might expect a full audience. So I swallowed my misgivings, and went to work to make the best of it. I had heard of embryo orators addressing a number of cows, as a preliminary audience to practise upon, so I devised a similar plan with my present enterprise. I sat up nearly all night in my room, surrounded by chairs, bedposts, and clock, and favoured them with an orchestral rehearsal from my precious score, and good time they kept, especially the clock. Ah! I see, said I, this is the remedy (flourishing my bâton), 'a firm hand with this, Stacky, my boy, and all will go well!' Next day I was restless, yet more confident.

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I had a railway journey to make, and all the way the train kept rattling *Messiah* choruses, and I, with an imaginary wand, kept them going famously! To this day I seem to remember the 'Hallelujah' of those wheels.

"The morning of the day of the concert came; I had to be in my office early! but must confess that business suffered from music for once at least. I was so pre-occupied with anxieties about my concert, that I made the most absurd blunders. I addressed an invoice to G. F. Handel, Esq., answered an inquiry as to some shares by saying that 'they were one shilling each, and might be had at the doors!' and the climax came when my principal asked me for the ledger, and I placed before him my *Orchestral Score!* I got through the day somehow, then went home to dress. Oh, didn't I dress for my first concert!—a bran new suit, shiny and black! new patent collar, shiny and white! and tie, tiny and bright! new patent boots, tiny and tight! add to these the splendid agony of tight white gloves, and a dress-coat, which I wore with a happy consciousness of never having been in one before. Now, I thought, 'a fellow apparelled thus must get through with brilliant success!' I glistened with delighted anticipation—and fine feathers; and as I jumped into a cab, and made my way to the scene of adventure, I became absolutely hot with the conviction of my having undertaken a splendid thing.

"I arrived, and need not dwell upon the preliminary confusion attending a performance of this kind. Our arrangements were upset on all hands. First, the ladies were dressed so extensively that they required a third more room than usual; and our calculations as to

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space were put out by the kettle drums, which we had overlooked. The trombones played into the shoulder-bones of the fiddlers, while they seemed doomed to bow, as the Davenport Brothers do, in bonds; at any rate, all had to bow to circumstances. Yet these little things only gave a spice to our anticipations. I never could understand it, but all my old fears had fled, and I was full of hope, until I made my first appearance, bowed my thanks, and then I will not say how much of my confidence found its way into my tight boots. Strange to say, I was no sooner on the platform than I was consumed by fears new and old, which made my bâton quiver like a blancmange! In the first place, turning my back on the audience was a new sensation, and ridiculous as the confession seems, I began to think more of new clothes than of music. I kept patting my coat-tails, being under the impression that they were sticking out horizontally! then my cravat felt like coming off! (oh how I groaned for my comfortable, well-worn coat!) my success seemed to hang on a shirt button! indeed I was so flustered that, in commencing the overture, I pulled out my fork and sounded the key tone to the astonished fiddlers, and to the amazement and amusement of my choir. In sheer desperation down went my stick, and I expected a grand burst. It was a burst! the three fiddles and the 'cello' went off one after the other in sundry squeaks, like damp squibs! And for ten minutes I 'waved my wand' while these gentlemen gave the most agonizing performance I ever had the misery to listen to. I reached the end three times before they came to a close, and I obligingly kept on 'beating about the bush' till they should be pleased to pause, which they did at last with evident reluctance,

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just as the boy fiddle came across his bridge with such force that down came the whole apparatus with a bang, making a climax Handel never intended in his overture to the *Messiah*. I comforted myself by inwardly blaming the players. Wait till my singers begin! They did begin. My tenor primo was a good singer, and stood up for 'Comfort ye!' The introduction was played with an additional chord or two (not Mozart's), but to my consternation my singer remained dumb. I gesticulated, and whispered 'go on!'—'Why don't you go on?' He shook his head mournfully at the band to which he was a total stranger, and replied in a whisper, 'Can't get my note!'—'I want my note.' I was helpless; I hadn't a note in me! so I vaguely signed to the band to give E, when the unlucky bassoon player taking the hint, and anxious to be useful, blew out the lower octave with all his might, producing a sound like the lowing of an old cow, making my poor soloist shake in his shoes! How we got over it I can't say; I never was so mortified, and already mourned my first concert—my want of caution in not being more unassuming, my want of prudence in importing an element I did not understand, into such a first effort, my stupid credulity which made me believe in the capacity of an unknown and untried band. Oh, I thought, if I only could just cut all those strings! oh! if I had my choir alone! But I was impotent! It was evident I had no more power over those instruments than an old Dutch clock! and my choristers were looking for me between the legs of music stands, and over the shoulders of the players. Where was the use of my grace of action? where the results of my firmness? where the boasted tact which was to keep everything going like inspired ma-

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chinery? Oh if Muddlenote and Cracktone were present! Alas! I was a spectacle of tight boots and gloves for men to laugh at! These reflections accompanied 'Comfort ye,' and kept on till we reached the chorus, 'For unto us.' A little hope came here with my sopranos, after the introduction. The runs were well taken, tenors bravely aided, altos well done! and the basses rolled out their part with vigour. Who knows, I thought, I may retrieve a little after all. Just then down came the three trombones, bassoon, and drums, in such sort that my poor choir was blotted out, I heard it not! Oh that my band had less brass and I more! They had done for me; my singers looked in vain for guidance. I lost my way in my great score, which I used now for the first time (having conducted from a hidden small one heretofore). I turned it about; the fiddles dribbled on, the singers were singing feebly in the wrong place, and kept on all through the instrumental *finale*, and at the last chord *pp* they finished with the trombones in great triumph. To crown my chagrin *this was encored!* and no voice sounded so distinct as that of Mr. Handel Rashleigh, my rival. Madly I plunged into the Pastoral Symphony. I could not do it anyhow; the time puzzled me, and the sounds were descriptive of the very barrenest pasture. It seemed all flute when it wasn't all harmonium, with a slight fringe of fiddle all through. I then sadly learnt I was out of time, and out of place too. But there is no pause in an oratorio performance (except for refreshments), and on it went, and *I* carried with it as by a stream. My soprano soloist had now her first recitative to sing. I managed to keep the instruments together in the opening symphony, but, alas! I could not control my

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singer. Like a frightened horse, she began on the wrong note, and kept it up at the loudest, quite in another key. In vain I groaned out the right tones; on she went, despising violins, harmonium, and conductor, finishing triumphantly in the sub-dominant key, and paralyzing even the gentlemen amateurs with her zeal. I was completely done for now; I was in a bath of perspiration, and hot with horror! I banged desperately at the next chorus. The choir danced round me as they sang. The 'cello had mounted his big fiddle, the bassoon player seemed like a 'cherub floating in the air!' all going round as in a witches' galop. And I realized nothing until I found myself in the refreshment-room with my collar unfastened, sprawling in an easy chair, into which I had fallen, and some one half choking me with cold water, and asking me if I was better. 'Better!' I exclaimed; 'what do you mean? I never was worse!' And up I tried to get, but it was of no use; I was helpless as a child. 'Oh! how was it?' I bleated out, 'what's the matter?' And I was informed that, during the chorus before the interval, I had banged about with furious action, then rushing from the platform, had, as the attendant described it, dropped into the chair 'without sense or feelin'. And now what was to be done? would I go on again? '*Not if I know it,*' I groaned. I couldn't if I would, and I wouldn't if I could! I had to send for my friend Mr. Strongstick, who came out of the audience and finished my bad business. There I sat alone, humbled and ill, while my poor choir was dragged through the second part. I hid my eyes lest the shade of Handel should complain while Cornet B. did the trumpet *obbligato*. If I had only been modest enough to have begun quietly, would not Handel and I have

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suffered less? But I draw the veil over the rest of that first concert. The hour of penance, as I sat in my loneliness, did more for my improvement than any success could have done. How much I had yet to learn before I even understood what it was I wished to be! How contemptibly small the knowledge, and great the self-esteem, which brought me where I had floundered so wretchedly! How deceptive the applause which had pushed me on! I went home a sadder and wiser young man. I was 'queer' for days, could not endure the sight of a bâton, and a young German clarionet player nearly sent me into fits by asking me for a penny. This subsided gradually, and in a few days my friend 'Strongstick' called and conversed with me. He did not spare my errors, but he also gave me much counsel and some encouragement. And the result was—hours spent in reading and study; evenings passed in observation; my ear cultivated by listening to choice performances; judicious practice with class; lessons in violin playing, in harmonium playing, and in instrument tuning. I did not forget orchestral scoring, study of expression, and choir-training. After a year or two, I thought myself—what? A mere child playing upon the sands of musical knowledge, with a greater yearning to know and do, but with greater respect for, and appreciation of, the powers necessary to rule its mighty waves.

"My confessions are ended. I have given other concerts since my first attempt. Of the last our local paper says:—'The members of the Upper Choral Society gave a judicious selection of sacred music with orchestral accompaniment. The performance was unpretentious but in good taste, the accompaniments being such as were appropriate to a small choir. We are glad to be able to

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announce a decided success. At the close of the performance, a handsome harmonium and bâton were presented to the conductor, the latter engraved as follows: — Presented to Mr Staccato Spirito, as a mark of esteem, and also of appreciation of his services as the Conductor of the Upper Choral Society.'"

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ON THE ART OF MAKING A SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME.

IT is very surprising that on a subject of so much practical importance so little has been said, and so little help given, either by instruction or illustration. And yet it is certainly not an unimportant matter, presenting as it does opportunity for the exercise of taste, discrimination, and tact. All the experience of the ablest constructors of programmes seem to have been conserved by the happy possessors, or only imparted to favoured pupils, for where can we find a treatise, "be it ever so humble," on this subject? And yet it will be obvious, upon reflection, that many teachers and conductors have not given sufficient attention to a subject of considerable practical importance.

We have seen lists of pieces for performance, that must have been planned on the lottery principle, the whole giving evidence of having been tumbled together as though tossed from a hat — sacred and secular, comic and sad, all poured pell-mell upon the page, in defiance of the commonest rules of order and effect. If this has not been duly considered, it cannot be esteemed as unimportant; for we hold that a good selection of music, badly arranged, may prove a failure, while an indifferent set of pieces, arranged with thought for effect, and made

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the most of by the powers of contrast and relief, may prove a success. Visit Mr. Dapper Drapery in the morning, as he exhibits his goods; is he satisfied with having a stock of rarities, hung up on nails, or heaped on shelves? Look at his window. How gracefully he folds and how gravely he changes article after article, viewing them from various stand-points! Or peep into Madame Bazaar's yonder, and see if her trinkets are shot in a heap, or her ornaments and vases placed, to use her own language occasionally, "higgledy piggledy!" Or, let us listen to Professor Rhetoric, as he addresses the council; does he fling his thoughts into words just as may happen? Not so. How calmly he begins! how secure his propositions! how he supports them with patience, and illuminates them with illustrations so full of variety! Is this chance? Then the growing warmth, and the stroke of humour, the fire of passion, and the flash of wit, all arranged with such care, that enchained, enchanted, and conquered, the applauding auditors are in his power!

And is it not so with us in our concerts and demonstrations? Have we not customers to get and keep? Have we not audiences to woo and win? If so, like skilful generals, when we have secured the best munitions available, we should, by strategy and a good disposition of resources, seek to subdue, to secure, and to satisfy those for whom we cater. To this end we would first observe, that for ordinary concerts for entertainment we deprecate the mixture of sacred and secular in one programme. But when, for purposes of illustration or education, it is deemed advisable thus to bring them together, they should be so arranged that both do not suffer by

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their injudicious admixture. Amongst the more general cautions which suggest themselves in making a programme we would say—

1st. Avoid giving the audience too much. A long bill of fare is a weariness, and it is far better to dismiss our friends with an appetite for more, than with a feeling that they are crammed and bored.

2nd. Avoid making comic or inferior music the prominent feature of the programme. The humorous should be looked upon as the dessert after a feast, and should no more come first than sweet pastry at a dinner. There is a great inclination among audiences to cry for this sort of thing, which they applaud with delight and redemand with enthusiasm. Comic songs, and comic singers with blackened faces, and with very free illustrations of look and action, are a reproach of our time. Let us give our audiences that which is good, and no more feed them with comic music, than we should a child on jam tarts. We must not humour them at the expense of their mental and moral health.

3rd. We should avoid violent changes of the emotions. Especially should we be careful that those feelings which may be called religious (and which belong to the spiritual experiences of our higher nature) should not be outraged by any sudden alternation with trivial, or more frivolous sentiments, or mere earthly sympathies. Can we expect an audience thoroughly to sympathize with expressions of devotion and worship, immediately after a jovial glee or tripping song? Has not this been done too often for our reputation for good taste and judgment? For example, we might contrast the quiet of Home with some merry, laughing chorus, when the Rest of

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Heaven so contrasted, should be deemed an outrage of good taste.

In preparing a programme for a concert, we would suggest,—proceed to its arrangement with a complete list, both of pieces and performers, and give thought and time to its construction. A sportsman may have a good gun, well loaded, and beat up good game, but what is all this without a good aim? Now this is preparing your *aim*. A well-known professional teacher informs us that her first programme occupied five or six hours in arranging, and this with the advice of a preceptress of the highest reputation and experience.

First. Consider the performers. If there are soloists, these should be cared for, not only for their own sakes, but for the general effect of the programme. Thus, voices of the same kind should never follow, nor be too near each other. Bass and alto songs should alternate with soprano and tenor. Again, it is not well that voices of similar calibre should be brought into juxtaposition. A bold stirring tenor is more set off by a gentle mezzo than by a piercing brilliant soprano. Like the arrangement of colours, each should enhance, not kill, its neighbour.

Second. In determining the order of the pieces, we would say, begin well. We all have heard of, if we have not felt, the effect of the first blow in an encounter. We also attach importance to first impressions. Then to begin well, open with a safe piece. Look upon the audience as an instrument, and strike a good chord at first. If possible, let the opening piece be something that will best command attention and sympathy, and at the same time be certain of successful performance. How common is it to commence with long pianoforte pieces,

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which (alas for the player) has almost degenerated into "playing people in," as the National Athem now "plays them out." Having begun well, support this first piece by a judicious contrast, equally sure; and thus, when attention and respect is won, newer pieces may be introduced, and more difficult selections performed. But in all these, each should be set off by pleasing contrast, avoiding, as before hinted, all rapid transition, or violent changes of the emotions. We should bear in mind that there is a sweet sadness, which it is a pain rashly to dispel. And a plaintive melody, playing among the chords of the memories of bygone times, will as soon as anything induce this enjoyable melancholy. Now, if the mind enjoys this condition and experience, will it not resent, by distaste and disapproval, any too rapid transition to merriment and fun? Therefore we think it wise to ease the audience down, rather than to topple them from the hills of jollity to the vale of tears.

There are many pieces the pathetic seriousness and beauty of which would be entirely lost, if the sides of the listeners were still shaking with the mirth of some uproarious trifle but a moment before heard.

Now there are many selections available *as stepping stones* from one emotion to another, making variety pleasant and contrast sweet.

As an illustration, take an example from three well-known pieces. "Home, sweet Home," which appeals to sentiments at once pleasurable and sad, should be succeeded by a piece like the "Moonlight song of the Fairies," rather than by the "Tickling trio" (*"Vadasi via di qua"*); but interposing the "Song of the Fairies" would prepare for laughter without pain, and

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prevent the hurrying away of emotions and sentiments, which refresh and exalt the mind.

Having thus carefully and judiciously placed the *best* work of the evening in the quietest and most protected part of the programme, the end—like the end of a feast—may be served with lighter viands, but, like the wise at a banquet, we should partake sparingly. The comic and light music, thus reserved, is now more valuable; and without being open to the charge of having made them our strong points, they are now trusty auxiliaries in giving relief and rest, to a tired audience, who, after an hour or more in a hot room, will better feel their relaxing power, and, consequently, more thoroughly appreciate their use.

In conclusion, without having pretended to have propounded any rules on this subject, we shall be satisfied if, by suggesting topics for reflection, we have convinced any that there is an art in the construction of a programme. May not the difference in the popularity of the works of the great masters be traced to this arrangement?

St. Paul has not so varied a programme as the *Creation*; and though few of us but would deem the former the higher work of genius, it is patent to us all that the *Creation* is more popular with audiences. And how much of this is due to the beautiful alternation of soprano, tenor, and bass solos, lively duets and trios, full of grace and beauty, who can tell?

A careful study of the music of which our programmes are composed seems very necessary. We have been reproached for not having enough of the classical and standard compositions of good masters, introduced into our concerts, and there is no necessity for us to remain under the reproach. A number of mighty inventors have lived

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and laboured, leaving behind them a legacy of sweet sounds, which will endure through all time. Let us seek more persistently to stamp our programmes with the authority which the names of the prophets of song would give. Let the names of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Handel, Beethoven, and others, give power to our programmes more constantly. Let it be ours to educate to this standard; and be sure of it we shall grow more useful and proficient as we aim higher, at the same time ensuring for ourselves surpassing enjoyment, self respect, and the sympathy of all those whose desire is improvement and advancement.

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ON HOME AND SOCIAL MUSIC.

THE most universal language we know of is Music. As a natural outlet for the emotions it is of world-wide use. By it the lover may sing his sighs, whether in the land of "Hiawatha" or in the saloons of the refined and educated; by it the soldier may vent his defiance, whether in the song of the savage or the civilized; everywhere the merry may laugh to measures of gladness, and the active sing to hardy toil; scarcely an individual, however gloomy, but may vent his passion—whether of love or hate, merriment or mourning, hope or fear—in song. The poorest of men may sing his ditty, if he cannot play his piano; and pertinacious poverty will insist on its music, even if its only instrument be a penny whistle. Ours is a bustling, pushing, striving, hard-working country! There is an incessant rattle of wheels, a constant din of hammers, and a bewildering clatter of machinery; and this would be unbearable without what little there is of poesy and music: these seem like the silver threads which come from mountain springs—they adorn the grand dreariness around them. What would the stage be bereft of its music? What would our homes be without the hymn, the lullaby, the glee, the ballad? Our "parties" and festivals, our firesides and altars would be dull and spiritless but for the song of mirth or the incense of praise.

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In connection with our holiday life and our religious celebrations, music is thus interwoven with our social being; and if we English do not possess the refinements of Continental taste, we need not be ashamed of ourselves musically. We are not "a nation of shopkeepers" merely, whose only music consists of nasal psalmody or of doggerel ballads. As patrons of art we have ever been munificent. Here Italy has found good customers; here genius has found a home, and it is even whispered that in England foreigners have found popularity and patronage, sometimes to the neglect of her own sons. There can be no doubt that this interchange with other nations, in matters musical, has resulted, like the same interchange in matters mercantile, in improved taste and a desire for better things. But apart from this, we have music pre-eminently famous, because distinctly national and intensely social. Our Scotch airs, Irish melodies, Welsh songs, and English ballads and glees, would hand down to the succeeding generations far clearer notions of our social life, than Nineveh or Egypt have graven on their tombs or temples. As works of art, some of these melodies are perfect, but they are more powerful in their magnetic influence over the mind of our race. The simple melody on which is strung some homely tale of humble wooing or honest heroism possesses a peculiar charm for us. In them our love of home, of honour, of country, of liberty, and of religion, find eloquent utterance. We have seen the man who could sit with calmness through the Passion-music of the sublime *Messiah*, weep at the simple strain of "Home, sweet Home." Look at yon honest squire, and note the glow on his cheek as his eldest boy sings the "Fine Old English Gentleman;" five minutes ago he was half

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asleep while his daughter was warbling that grand "scena" from the last new opera. Indeed, as a strong feeling people, we have most interest in that which appeals at once to our senses, our sympathies, and our souls.

But, while opinions on music differ, according to temperament and training, there is a general acknowledgment of its power to interest and improve the mind. Let us pop in upon Mr. Smith as he sits after his day's business, with his family round his cosy hearth; and as the chords of the last song (the last new song, by the way) die upon the ear, listen to the remarks made by the various members of the family. "A pretty song—very pretty," says Mr. Smith in a patronizing way, "but not like those they sang when I was a lad; not so much love nonsense then" (remember Smith is a family man of fifty). "You should have heard the 'Bay of Biscay,' or 'My Friend and Pitcher,' or 'Wapping Old Stairs,' as I have heard them, ah! and though I say it, have sung them too!" and Smith rolls in his easy chair complacently. "But, my dear," insinuates Mrs. S., "I think you did like love songs once." "Yes, pa," choruses Miss Smith, "I have heard that you sang 'You'll remember me' under ma's window once, and I am sure love songs are nice!" and Miss Smith looks confidently to a young gentleman at her elbow, and he being in that condition described as "over head and ears," and, moreover, in the "popping crisis," replies with enthusiasm, "Oh, yes! I like sentimental songs immensely!" Then a young urchin shouts from under the table, "I like the niggers! don't I like the niggers! Pa, take me to hear the nig"—. "Hush, hush!" cries the evasive Smith, seeing a visit to Christy's looming in the future; "listen, Grandma is speaking!" "I was merely going to

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say," remarks Grandma, "that I like one of the good old tunes we sing at church better than all your highty-tighty stuff,—something we can all take part in you know." Then Mr. Smith junior, a rather fast young man, remarks, "That is all very well for you elderly people, but give me a good spicy comic song, with some fun in it!—what say you, cousin Will?" Cousin Will "goes in for classic music"—the works of Mozart and Beethoven; "but, of course, every one does not understand them." Thus, we have, even in our families, almost every variety of taste, which is, of course, largely formed by circumstances, education, and habit.

There are at least two places where we should seek to cultivate that kind of music, which excludes or repels none—we mean the Church, and the Home. Here the song should foster and inspire, in all who tread their hallowed floors, the noblest sentiment and the purest enjoyment. Next in importance to the music of the temple is the music of the social circle, which is the most popular of home recreations. Too often the fireside but echoes the inanities of the painted comic singers: these are learned at places where young men cannot take their sisters; and accompanied too often with feeble imitations of gestures, and vulgarities, which lower and debase the sense. England will suffer if this continues. We shall hope to see our young men attain to a better standard soon; but it will be when these insipid comicalities are discontinued by their friends—and especially by their lady friends, whose influence is ever potent, in matters of taste, and in scenes of enjoyment.

Suppose a young man to expend a third of his payments at those places which entice him to mere sensualism, in the

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acquirement of musical knowledge, and in obtaining musical training, he would gain wonderfully, both in social and intellectual strength, and become a benefaction instead of a bore to his friends. For instance, two evenings a week devoted resolutely to musical education would probably make an intelligent young man a part singer, and so improve and re-mould his taste that the poor patterings of the great "break down" singers, would have little charm for him. His knowledge would stimulate his appetite, and probably lead to kindred association; and he, with a few friends, might enjoy a chorus or other selection from Handel, with the accompaniment of the pianoforte and pure friendship, instead of "Up in a Balloon," or "Champagne Charlie," with the accompaniments of liquor and levity.

How few young men, a few years ago, could comprehend the "notes," and how few, comparatively, even now, have availed themselves of the opportunities offered of obtaining the mastery of a means of enjoyment from which they have been only self-excluded!

With our music schools, our professors, our popular classes, and our grand performances, we have abundant means for the musical education of our people. Should not our influence be exerted in favour of their adoption? At the present time, we need not be without the means whereby our home music may become a joy and a triumph. In many homes there is the pianoforte, but how often is it silent, or consecrated only to the dance, or to the accompaniment of silly, sickly, or sinful songs? Yet, with our oratorios, published for a mere trifle, and classic operas easy attainable, with a grand *répertoire* of church and sacred song, we have the material

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for social enjoyment, which, with a moderate amount of perseverance, might be made to adorn the majority of our homes.

Speaking nationally, this is of importance: for the influence of sentiment, as embalmed in verse, and made fragrant with melody, we have only to seek historical corroboration. How great the influence of popular songs on the French populace, about the times of the French Revolution? —what the influence of Roundhead Psalms on Cromwell's soldiers? And is there a more beautiful picture of national despair than when the Hebrew maidens hung their harps on the willows, and with tearful eyes exclaimed, "How can we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?"

We would say, encourage good and healthy music, for our own sake—'tis a dispeller of care, and incites to cheerfulness, health, and activity; for home's sake also, it will make it happier, however humble; for economy's sake, it is a cheap pleasure, and will keep our hands out of our pockets, and out of mischief; and, nationally, a pure song will lead to a pure society, and this ever tends to a secure and enduring national existence.

And why do not all learn to sing?—we mean, to sing well enough for participation in social or church music? One says, "I have no ear!" This is a popular fallacy; all have not *quick* ears, but all who have the capacity of discriminating between sounds at all may, by taking pains, learn to sing or play. An ear so bad that it cannot be trained in modest fashion to appreciate song is not a proper ear; it, like a club foot or a wry face, is a deformity and an exception. Another says, "I have no voice!' Then how is your talking accomplished? Most people who can

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speak have a voice: one need not be a Jenny Lind, or a Braham, nay, far from it, and yet be able to accomplish much that is pleasurable and profitable in musical pursuits. Another lacks time or opportunity. The whole matter is one of choice and determination, for most people who have the "will" may find the "way." Let us cheerily and heartily set about the task of making our home and social circles more joyous—yea let us have our classes round our fenders, as well as in our schools and institutes. Let the tripping measures be heard in our homes; it will make toil pleasant, ease the burden of care, drive away dulness and bad temper, and make us welcome in our families and associations, as the inspirers of cheerfulness and honest enjoyment.

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MR. MORTIMER MOTIVO'S MOTET.

HOW HE OBSERVED HARMONY.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING given the confidences of musical acquaintances in other pages, we venture to ask continued indulgence while introducing the "ower true" tale of Mr. Mortimer Motivo; and while deprecating the notion that his case would be applicable to any who may read this sketch, yet we venture to hope that his little history may possibly give a flickering ray of light in the way of self-knowledge, to some whom it may admonish and warn, while it cannot offend. For we may bear in mind that counsel and caution must occasionally be administered as medicine is to children, so that they fancy they are taking a pasty, when in fact they are appropriating a pill.

PART I.—HOW THE MOTET WAS MADE.

Mr. Motivo was a "born musician;" he was not one of those vulgar beings who come into existence with a paltry silver spoon in their mouths! but silvery streams of melody meandered through his mind from earliest childhood.

Wonder-gazing relatives listened to the outpourings of his genius at two years old, as he adorned the then popular air of "All round my Hat," with the most variegated

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vocal variations. At *five*, he made "seconds" in church! which secured him the benediction of the clergyman, and the envy of all the charity children in the town. At *eight* (though he could scarcely write his name), he could extemporize on the piano. At *twelve*, they made him organist! and he imperilled his spine three or four times a week. "Oh! it was wonderful!" he had "such a hear, the dear!" as the sexton's wife exclaimed. He had an ear, but his father had *not*, at least for this kind of music; so at fourteen years of age he was despatched to a city office, at ten shillings per week!

What a falling off was there! What a checking of youthful ardour! What a sin against the divine afflatus!—a "Mozart at least" immolated in a dirty counting-house!—a "cruel crushing of the choicest aspirations." So said many admirers. And young Mortimer, flattered and spoiled, kicked against the desk, and frowned at the ledger, and avenged himself for several years on society, by moping in private, by abstaining from performing "solos" (made "out of his own head"), which he adored, and from the labour of acquiring musical knowledge, which he abhorred, until folks soon believed, and said that after all Motivo "might have done worse than wield the quill!" But, pray, don't suppose that Mortimer thought so—oh no! The loss was "not his!" He had the stuff in him of which "musicians were made!" And so he had! but unfortunately it was alloyed with some things which were not musicianly.

But we must pass over a few years, and leave time to show the rest.

Mortimer was now a young man. He had spent the intervening time in butterfly visits to the various sciences.

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Once he took violently to painting, but he did not like "rules;" and as he could not paint well, and defy perspective, he gave it up. Then he would be an author, and commence writing a book; but after a week's thought on the subject, he could not find a "title" that would suit his views. Then chemistry—and what not! The only pursuit he followed successfully was neither business nor art, but personal ease and pleasure. And he had been true to his vengeful resolutions against society, but society did not seem to care a single bit; took kindly to the change in his prospects, and hardly realized what it had lost, when Motivo's altered motives were supposed to have "transposed" a Mendelssohn in embryo into a merchant in prospective; so Mortimer continued to "throw himself away," and would probably have passed down the stream of time songless and unknown, but one day he stumbled upon a Tonic Sol-fa singer, and thus into some notoriety. Without knowing it, his curiosity and interest were aroused in connection with the new system. With avidity, and as by intuition, he seized the main points of the plainly told truths—truths he had never heard before. The principles! he "saw them at once." The *notes!* he used them as the gosling does the new found pond! The details—well, those he could "look up at any time." Like a musical Leotard, he leapt from key to key, and scale to scale, and performed very wonders of reading at sight. Write by ear! why, who couldn't do that? Certificates—pshaw! where was the man—HE would like to examine *him* for one! "HE was not going to submit," &c., &c.; but, one day, wanting to sing at a great concert, he took them for better or worse! Thus was Motivo drawn again under the bewitching influence of music; but he was not careful to

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acquire knowledge a jot the more. He still played by ear, wildly luxuriating in weird and, to him, wondrous flights of harmony. Thus his old tastes were revived, and his ambition also. Yes, he would be a great man after all—he would be a composer! At it he went; in one day he had "mastered" the principles of harmony—one little dip into that sea of science sufficed him; the next, he began to compose. He scarcely ate or drank, slept or walked; his bump of (musical) constructiveness seemed to have become inflamed. What numberless morsels of lovely melody gave him delicious affliction every hour—and they came at times when he could not, by jotting them down, make them immortal. He must compose something, or he would be surfeited by the very richness of his imaginations, which were ever being checked; he must compose something at once. "What shall it be?" He was full of this one thing now—"what shall it be?" A psalm tune merely? it wasn't worth while; a glee? that was too trifling; an oratorio might seem presumptuous at first; for anthems—well everybody wrote anthems! What must it be then? A lucky thought! he would write a motet! That sounded select, and at it he went; when, unpleasant reflection! what *was* a motet? He looked into the Italian dictionary but could not find the word "motet;" found "*motetto*," which means "a joke." Mortimer said it was no joke. This question was positively a poser! He knew that a motet was generally a serious affair, but exactly what it was he did not happen to have heard. "All right," he said, "I'll just pop in upon Thumpkins, our bandmaster" (Motivo belonged to a rifle corps); "he will know;" if not, I'll try Mr. Pedal, our organist—he's "sure to know, and I'll get it out of him in a quiet way." Off he went,

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chuckling, on this pumping expedition, and found the bandmaster teaching the flute to a raw youth afflicted with unwieldy lips. He began—"I say, Thumpkins, do you ever play a motet?" "A motet—a motet," said the bandmaster, with a prepossessed air, vigorously tucking the flute under the nose of his lively pupil; "can't say as I ever did. I play the flute, and clarionet, and the cornet, a little; but as to a motet—well, let me see; is it a brass instrument? or a "—"muff!" muttered Motivo. And with a bounce, off he went to the church to find Mr. Pedal. He heard the organist hard at it, practising a very lively kind of interlude, to be performed between the verses of next Sunday's hymn—something which would "make the people stare, and no mistake," as Mr. Pedal observed (his ideas of devotion or worship in psalmody being very limited). In the most artfully flattering way, Motivo, sly rogue, listened very attentively to the said interlude, and praised it most mercilessly, then began to poke and fumble among the organist's books: there were hymn tunes, anthems, and oratorios, but no motets; "bother motets!" he inelegantly muttered, "I wish I hadn't thought of the thing!" So he asked Mr. Pedal if "he ever played motets?" "Oh, yes!" he said, "nearly every Sunday!" "Indeed! Indeed!" "Why, yes; a motet is only a fine name for an anthem!" Poor Motivo was now puzzled sore. He doubted, and could not contradict or confirm; he accordingly adjourned in dudgeon, and in rushing down the street, nearly ran butt against a musical chum, to whom in despair he unbosomed. "Oh, yes," he said, "a motet, of course! every fellow knows what that is; it's a kind of a—that is—it's a—a hymn you know—er—only a little different, a sort of anthem—er—

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a little like a part song, only, of course, it's sacred! Let me see—a motet, you said! well, 'pon my honour, I never thought distinctly what it was before, but I'm sure it's something which has to be sung! Good bye! I'm in a hurry!" And off he goes, leaving poor Motivo in a sad state of bewilderment. But off went Motivo, too, resolved to do something like "an anthem"—light, like a "part song," with a touch of the "hymn about it"—in fact, a kind of sacred madrigal, with an oratorio or cantata flavour in it. With Mortimer Motivo to resolve was to do, so home he went, and in two minutes more was at his landlady's piano, in his quiet lodgings. He soon found words, and having secured the "libretto," sat down to "compose." But, alas that it should be so! by the time he was fairly seated his flow of musical ideas seemed frozen. This was a staggering blow to our composer; for if there was one thing more than another in which he gloried, it was the wonderful succession of gorgeous ideas which sometimes oppressed his brain—phrases of melody, and progressions in harmony, the like of which "he had never heard," and which, when they were heard, he was sure would astonish the privileged hearers. But, strange to say, now, when with paper, pen, and words, he was facing his work, not a single tangible fancy could he obtain. He stared seriously at the ceiling for some minutes, nothing came! The timepiece tick, ticked, until it seemed like thunder. Up he rushed and stopped the pendulum; down again; he dipped his pen and waited, while he read out the words with varied elocutionary effects, still nothing came; he hammered out a chord or two, but they had a sadly secular twang, and almost defiantly seemed to say, "Not for Joe." And

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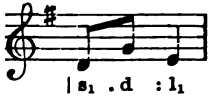
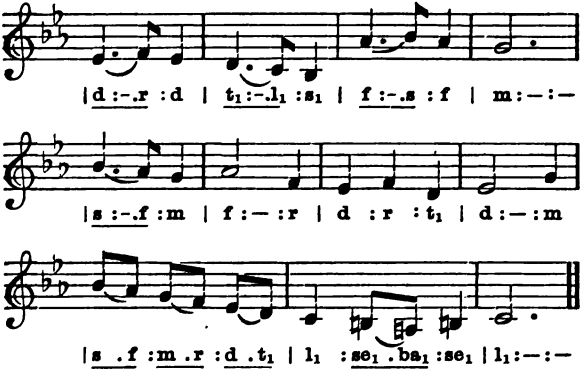
whether he was under the evil influence of some adverse "medium" or not, at present the only "Motivo" Mortimer could get was—

"This won't do!" he cries, and seizing hold of Mendelssohn and Mozart's greatest works, he played "tit bits" from his favourites for half an hour. By this time he felt he had got something. "Hurrah! what key? let me see, E♭ will do; that's a fine key!" so he produced in about ten minutes this rare bit of melody—and we must be excused if we can only convey but a faint idea of its beauty and originality:—

This gave him a start, and great satisfaction. With varied chords, and in many keys, he thumped it out of all likeness to anything ever heard before. Then he harmonized it; he introduced some rare dissonances, with an

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immense amount of "resolution" and no little "imitation." But he halted much and unexpectedly in his "progressions." "Well," he said, "*he* wasn't going to be tied down by a few 'chords,' not he! His cadences were perfectly original, and he would defy anybody to recognize anything of anybody's but his own, in his melody" (as well he might); and "as for 'harmonies,' he had a 'surprise' or two which would 'astonish the natives,' and no mistake!" It was nearly midnight, but he was still putting the finishing touches to his work, and was in the middle of a swell to the word "if," which he was executing vigorously with lung and limb, when his rhapsody was disturbed by the sleepy maid of all work, who, yawning, said—"Please, Mister Motivo, Missis says as she is much obliged to you for a tuning of her pianner, but she would be glad if you would be so kind as to finish it for her in the morning, on account of her bad headache, which she hopes you will excuse." I will not describe Mr. Mortimer Motivo's ejaculations. It was a trying moment. He left his "swell" with swelling indignation, and shutting the piano with a bang on his composition, retired to compose—himself to sleep. What visions haunted his pillow!—every turn of his shoulders brought a change of scene: now he was bowing his thanks to an excited audience who had just called for the composer, after encoring his motet; then he was conducting a grand original oratorio! surrounded by the first singers of the day; and finally, he was just being presented to royalty, which was doing honour to his genius, when he was clawed away by an evil sprite in a housemaid's cap! Thus, he woke early, laughed at the ignorance of his landlady, and forgave it, while he revelled in the delights of his

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wonderful motet. He must have sung it over a dozen times at least before breakfast, he encored it so persistently! While discussing his first meal, he discussed the question also with himself as to what he should do with his music? "What *should* he do with it? ay, it was a ticklish question!" He could not afford to "give it away," and he did not expect its "full value;" so he wrote to the editor of the *Musical News*, asking him how much he would give for the copyright of the enclosed "motet," which "he ventured to think he would find a very fresh and decidedly unique production." Motivo felt in a very dissatisfied state to find that he must wait a fortnight before he heard how much they would give him. "Of course they would jump at it." So we will leave him for a time, enlivening his leisure by alternately performing his motet, and estimating the lowest sum he could possibly take for the proprietorship of the same. Let us change the scene.

PART II.—HOW THE MOTET WAS MANGLED.

In a narrow street in the city, in a narrow room, reached by a narrow staircase, after traversing a narrow passage—the expedition through which is a narrow escape from a broken neck,—meet every week a dozen young men; no, they are not Fenians, nor gamblers, nor coiners—they are the Tonic Sol-fa analyzers, a set of musical students, enthusiasts, who gather in "club," to pull each other to pieces on the most amiable terms. They have been known to interest themselves in musical anatomy to such an extent, that they have "practised upon" Mozart and Mendelssohn —yea, they have dissected the very thoughts of Handel himself. As this is a secret confederacy, we will not too

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much expose either their private doings or their private sufferings; for instance, how Mr. Make Anthem groaned inwardly when his most original idea was pronounced "unscholarly;" how Mr. Lofty Thought was ever feeling after the "etherial" and the "sublime," and (according to the club) never seeming to find it; how Mr. Singletune's "parts" were pronounced "wide;" or how Mr. O'chestra's symphony of sixteen movements was said to be "long and meaningless!" In fact, this harmonic jury remorselessly "sat upon" and smothered so many buds of melodious promise, that perhaps they got hardened. We might quote more of their verdicts, which at the time gave many a pang; but these young men were met for improvement and for study, not for praise or puffery; and though they had a "vacancy" occasionally, there were generally a dozen "good men and true," who, though dreadfully beset by such musical thorns as "consecutive fifths and octaves," by *very* "contrary notions" and more feeble "imitations," yet, to use a sporting phrase, they "came up to time again with a cheerful countenance;" and they grew stronger, and wiser, and humbler, until it was no joke to have your pet composition put into the critical crucible of these amateur analysts.

Motivo heard of this club. "What," he said, "would be more reassuring and gratifying, while awaiting the *Musical News*, than to take the opinion of the T. S.-F. analysts." "Analyze music! what a droll thing," he said to an acquaintance; "never heard of it before!—however, he would try them; perhaps they would sing it for him." He longed to hear his motet performed at a concert. It seemed to him a delight worth humbling himself to obtain, so he wrote, asking the favour of an interview to

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obtain their opinion on a "small composition" (he wrote this very large). The club were delighted—they were not cruel; but to have the opportunity of "sitting" on an outsider, after having so mercilessly buffeted each other, was a sensation they could not afford to lose.

They met early one Saturday evening to dissect Mr. Mortimer Motivo's motet. Motivo came, and with what an air did he introduce himself! His manner said as plainly as possible, "What your opinions are, gentlemen, won't matter much to me, so go a-head!" And the club saw this, and determined to go a-head.

First, they looked it through, each reading it silently, chord by chord, Motivo sitting still for five minutes while the analysts analyzed. Scratch, scratch, scratch, went pen after pen; tick, tick, tick, went Motivo's watch; thump, thump, thump, went Motivo's heart." "What on earth are they doing?" he thought; was ever such an awkward interlude! Imagine the few preliminary moments to having a tooth drawn, or the anxious interval certain parties feel, after having popped a certain question, which may touch tender chords, or may lead to discord—and you may get a glimpse of Motivo's experience as he sat awaiting the judgment of the novel jury. He already repented of his rashness, and got nervous, despite himself. At length the chairman called for the report of each, and, as he mildly put it, asked for the "errors in Mr. Motivo's motet, *if there were any*." There was another little pause, during which Mortimer got very reassured, and sniffed audibly, unlucky chuckle that it was! It opens No. 1's mouth at once, and by way of a first shot, he said, "Sixteen unresolved dissonances" (Motivo looked serious). Then followed a succession of broadsides, thus:

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—No. 2, with delusive deference, "No unity in the melody" (Motivo pooh-poohs). No. 3, suggestively, "Wrong accent in ten places" (Motivo starts). No. 4 thought "He had heard the air before" (Motivo colours). No. 5, "Something wrong about the cadences (Motivo shudders). No. 6 found that the "Bass was above the soprano in many places" (Motivo dissents). No. 7, "Ill approached fifths" (Motivo smiles again—he didn't understand these). No. 8, "Twenty-seven consecutive fifths" (Motivo cries, "Where?"). No. 9, "Seventeen consecutive octaves" (Motivo, "Never!"). No. 10 found the "Bass going down to lower doh, in key D♭, and soprano up to higher doh², in key E♭" (Motivo was dumb). No. 11 "didn't think the thing was singable" (Motivo got up in a rage). No. 12 "proposed that they should try it." This last proposition pacified poor Mortimer, who declares spicily that "they will alter *their* tune when they have heard his." And at it they went, the composer conducting. Never was a more unfortunate result. The first chord proved a discord, for which *they* were totally "unprepared." In forty seconds the basses were nearly choking, in trying to reach the lower doh, and the tenors were blown out like the stone cherubim in ancient churches, vainly aiming at upper doh². And it ended in such a vocal "representation of chaos," that Motivo seized his hat and rushed out in a frenzy, and as he went, the "club" exploded into peals of laughter, which it could repress no longer, and which sounded like a kettle at his heels. In ten minutes poor Mortimer was in his quiet lodgings once more. What benedictions he gave the analysts—they were "ignorant, upstart, rude;" and in his anger he would gladly have

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exterminated them, but "they would soon find that others knew better than they." He would send for the *Musical News*. He rang for the servant, and soon had the paper, and was in a minute more in full possession of the answer to his letter; it was as follows:—"Answers to correspondents.—Mr. Mortimer Motivo is informed that his motet is declined, with thanks. The editor cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts." This was the blow that broke Motivo's spirit. But through the break came light, and by this light he saw so much of himself and his folly as served to make him modest, and, ultimately, a musician. A few weeks more and Motivo was in the middle of a course of reading and study. By the first he ascertained how it was that the brightest gifts were made available only by rugged toil, severe application, and patient perseverance; how disappointment and care marked the pathway, even of genius, which often bedewed its labours with tears and suffering; no royal road to eminence, even for the gifted and great in song. Thus Motivo had at last got a good "motive" and plan for his life, and by study he saw, as in a glass, his folly and presumption. Each thing he learned made him more humble; each thing he acquired made him more ardent; every step of progress made him long to climb, not so much to temporary distinction, as to that height of perfection, by the attainment of which he might be permitted to wield those wondrous tides of song and sound, by means of which those students, whose names were famous, and those masters, whom students revered, were enabled to astonish and delight mankind. And though Mortimer's first composition had brought him much mortification, it

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had also taught him a life-lesson, and he never regretted writing his "motet."

Years have brought experience and increased knowledge; and, if he should go in for it, it is not impossible he may carry away the first prize at the Society of Arts' examination in composition next year.

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ON FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHORAL MUSIC.

ONE of the distinctive characteristics of the present age is the extension of intercourse between nations. We have now international exchange in commerce, science, literature, industry, and friendship. The barriers which once isolated the peoples are now removed. Such hindrances as distance and interposing seas are overcome by the forces of printing, steam, and electricity, and the moral forces of civilization and religion all tend to make the nations "like kindred drops to mingle into one;" and united action of nations—such as arbitrations, scientific and engineering enterprises, exploring expeditions, and industrial exhibitions—must result not only in more accurate knowledge of each other, but in increased mutual respect and sympathy, and in growing assimilation and goodwill. Thus, through the influence of the last Paris "Exposition," we have come to a more distinct knowledge of our French neighbours than we have ever before attained. They are not, we find, simply a frog-eating people, who are perpetually dancing when they are not fighting! They are much like ourselves, with the great human family likeness, varied, it is true, but not more than our own families are, and just enough to save our race from monotony and dreariness.

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We have also clearer glimpses of French social life an habits; and, among other things, their music is now becoming familiar to us—and by this we do not mean their "operas" (for do not great masters in music seem to lose nationality and become the world's property?), but that music which the well-read thousands sing or listen to with pleasure and from choice. One old historian asks for the "songs of a people," whereby to estimate their character, and we may find a corroboration of this in the subject now before us, for French music is like French character and temperament, and the national mind is photographed in the national song. Just so is Scottish bravery, gravity, and clan-like patriotism, pictured in their serious music; just so may Hibernian humour, impetuosity, and honourable love of country and of kind, and especially of womankind, be seen in Irish melody. We might, therefore, parallel the characteristics of French mind and music somewhat thus. A Frenchman's habit is gay and joyous: his music is full of tra la la, bells, and bravos; he is brave: he sings his "Partant pour la Syrie" with joy and hope; he is volatile and droll: his songs require dexterity, and brim over with fun; he is patriotic and heroic: he chants his "Marseillaise" till ebbing wounds close his song! And in stirring strains he tells us how he glories in death, admires the intrepid martyr, and would share his fate. His taste is exquisite in art, in dress, and in manners; his music is full of colour, strangely yet richly blended. And with the Frenchman (and by this we mean, not the aristocrat, but the typical Frenchman, that forms their choirs), socially outdoor life, life in cafés, hotels, and restaurants, or on the "Boulevard," is more an institution with them than "home life" as we understand it. Thus,

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their choruses are rehearsed in the open air, are trolled out along their roads, and in the café and public garden; they are consequently full and sprightly, but exciting and difficult. Again, the sexes do not mingle in their choral societies; consequently, their music is chiefly for male voices, and generally deficient in those softer charms which the ever refined taste, yea, which the presence of woman-kind would require. We do not mean that a Frenchman cannot sing of love—by no means; but does he often sing of it in a way that would be acceptable to our home-bred views and tastes?

It would perhaps make our meaning more clear if, for a moment or two, we turned to our own national life, as pictured in our glees and songs. Our grand institution, "Home," is the subject of many songs, and always touches our English heart. And springing out of this, the love of *wife* and *sweetheart*, rather than of woman, is foreshadowed in our madrigals and glees. Again, the love of rural life, of the solid sentiments of industry and hardihood, and of respect for religion, all may be seen in our songs of "Spring," of "Larks," of "Primroses," of "Hunts," of "Lovers and sighs," of "Shepherds and harvests," and what not? Yea, even the coarser attributes of our national life are they not written in our bacchanalian songs and glees? In short, English song seems to be English feeling and experience, and French music, a reflection of French fancy and gaiety. By way of illustration, let us contrast two pieces of music, viz., "Le Tyrol," the popular and difficult French chorus, and our glee by Webbe, "When winds breathe soft." Both are descriptive, both wonderfully clever and original, both the result of high musical attainment and talent, and, finally, both of the *same class* of music,

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so far as concerns the taste of the two countries in dealing with the same subject. Yet how different! "Le Tyrol" is nature in the eyes of the gay and thoughtless child of fancy, full of dexterity, of variety, and of imitation, beginning with vocal mimicry, rollicking in melody, and tripping with dance and glee! The storm brings childish fear, no religious awe, and the first peep of sunshine which darts through the clouds turns the flying footsteps to measures of joy again. Yet the imitation is perfect as the following incident shows:—During the singing of this chorus at Hanover Square Rooms, a friend, who was under the orchestra at the time, overheard a foreign waiting maid say to her mistress, "Dear me, how de vynd is got up;" to which her mistress had to reply: "You silly, why it's the choir." Now let us turn to our so-called "prince of glees." Its opening is calm and peaceful, breathing faith and contentment, quiet as the hushings of a mother's love to a weary world-tossed prodigal. The second movement brings us to our sea coast, and we almost see our brave-hearted sons, battling with intrepid mien, the horrors of the storm; but here all is real life, stern and manly. Then the third strain brings us to our "great help": Jehovah speaks! the storm is forgotten before it has ceased, in the deep imbedded faith which is part of our life. After the "still small voice" comes joy! our sailors are glad! his home is bright again! his wife is happy! his children not fatherless! and man and nature join in praise to God! Music and words are here one. The words but interpret the song, which must be felt as well as sung.

A glance at the French choruses now in our hands will, we venture to think, make more apparent the difference in treating the same thing. For instance, does "Bethlehem,"

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by Gounod, meet our notions of gravity and fitness in connection with so sacred a subject as the divine incarnation? The cantata of *The Gipsies* is full of recklessness, desperation, and revelry. Does not all such music seem to say, "We do not want to think! we will not woo care! let the future take care of the future! we will live jolly lives to-day, for to-morrow! who knows? ha, ha!" Yet love for the brave and heroic leads to occasional outbursts of soul, and a sympathy with immortal yearnings which go far to prove that the difference is one of national habit and growth, rather than of national bias of character. A Frenchman's gaiety and recklessness is more the result of artificial manufacture by the adjuncts of his country's custom, than the "needs be" of French minds. And this is a solace, for reflection leads us to hope, that by international intercourse, the good in each nation may be extended to the other, and the evils of both be softened, if not exterminated. We gain hope when we hear such heroic measures sung by them as "The martyrs of the arena," and though the mere courage is admired, and the self-sacrifice honoured more than the magnificent object and occasion for the same, yet even these may lead to grander themes of song for the sons of France, and happier hopes to lead to nobler aims. The chorus just named is by De Rille, composer of "The Retreat." It carries us back to the time of the early Christian heroes. It nobly pictures the wan and wasted body of the saint, as with his last breath he apostrophizes the great monarch of Rome. We see great Cæsar, the city in excitement, the people in morbid anticipation, the circus, the whole paraphernalia of idolatry, and the roaring of beasts all hungry and raging! but the cheers and tumult do not drown the song of faith

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nor the voice of prayer. The music is a singularly happy inspiration, almost expresses the sentiment, and paints the picture without the words. There is a oneness of idea about the thing, as though written under the impulse of noble sympathies and loving admiration. The opening in the minor and by the basses is full of seriousness and strength. Then the bustle of the city, and the holiday preparations of an idolatrous people are painted in the second movement very vividly; we may realize their ruthless rites and rude music. Then what could be more touching than the prayer of the martyrs, rising, incense-like, to heaven?—

> "God of the martyr and the slave!
> Christ who has triumphed over death,
> O come, Thy suffering saints to save,
> Now they draw their parting breath!"*

And from amid the pouring blood, and women's cries, and the "darkening night" of pain and woe, springs the soaring soul to the home of eternal light and peace. It is hopeful to find such themes clothed in such strains coming from amidst that which is thoughtless and material, and we confidently look forward to the time when this kind of music shall usurp the place of the more showy and mere legerdemain of musical gymnastics and vocal manipulation.

If we turn our eyes to our own music once more, it is pleasant to note how scenes from real life, and pictures of positive experience, characterize our own compositions, putting aside lovers' sighs and mistress's eyes, "an' a' that" (though by the way they are awfully real to those most concerned), some of our compositions are exquisitely in tune with our old habits of life. Our sea-songs are dramas,

* Words adapted and translated by J. S. Stallybrass, Esq.

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our glees, pictures or scenes from life, and there are touches of nature in most of them which, while they would be incomprehensible to a Frenchman, are full of spirit-stirring interest to ourselves. To name such pieces would be simply to make a catalogue; let us content ourselves with taking a very familiar example. The old madrigal, "In going to my lonesome bed," is in sentiment purely domestic and social, a scene and song of "home" and home experiences; it, in fact, contains more or less an epitome of what we may all come to, and it might be put thus:— A mother is singing to soothe her restless babe; the usual lullaby does not take its usual effect; the child moans and cries "loud and long," till the mother's patience is exhausted; her song is broken with chidings, sighs, and tears – and all this is beautifully and quaintly expressed in the compass of a few measures; soon mother's tears, seeming to act homœopathically, produce smiles, and like mingling sunbeams after a summer storm, the tired wife and crowing child forget their grief in love and joy. Then comes the moral, "The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love." Let us hope it benefits our tired bachelor friend who, in thus going to his "lonesome bed" witnesses these touches of nature. This is in its way a "masterpiece," "much in little;" it is a gem of domestic incident, set in the gold of sweet and ingenious music. In it a few simple phrases are made to accord with each other, and with no extravagant harmonies it might pass for a model of "vocal fugue;" but it is more: these few musical sentences are wonderfully adapted to the innocent recital, and only require an earnest and artistic spirit to make them thrill with the liveliest emotion. Our next specimen of French music, "A Village Wedding," is almost

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theatrical in its structure. It might pass for a stage scene, and is full of fun and frolic. We approach a French village. As we do so, we suspect by the ringing of bells and symptoms of holiday, that something is going on which excites village interest and curiosity. (And there is a decided likeness in French and English villages in this respect.) We join the crowd round the church porch, and soon gather from the gossip and scandal quite a burlesque history of a "happy pair," all subjected to the general refrain, "We wish you joy," and the usual demonstration of sympathy and good wishes. The best description will be to sing it. We would only remark that the chorus requires considerable powers of voice and method to give it effect. The second movement is quite a vocal "galop," goes at an immense rate, and is full of life and energy, and in the sudden "Hush, see the couple come, sir," is full of drollery; in fact, the whole movement is suggestive of an orchestral band at full speed. The third part requires much rehearsal and care, and a reciting kind of style, to give effect to the scandal and gossip. The whole thing is loaded with colour, and forms a funny picture, full of ingenuity and vivacity, but pre-eminently French. There is a touch of nature in it, but it is seen through the lens of the satirist, or the eye-glass of the "man of the world." Yet the picture is no doubt a faithful one of French rusticity, tinted and drawn by French habit of thought and life. In marked contrast to the last piece we might find a number of English part-songs, rural and rustic, which would show plainly the difference in the same order of music belonging to the two nations. It might be described thus:—Except in pieces that deal with "heroic" sentiment, this class of French music

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can be performed without emotional expression, and that most English music is deprived of its greatest charm without it. As before observed, choruses like the "Tyrol" or "Village Wedding" require much vocal facility, compass of voice, command of breath, and powers of endurance. For instance, there is in "Le Tyrol" an extensive use of common marks of expression, pianos, fortes, crescendos, swells, &c., considerably over three hundred in number. Thus the thing is mapped out; it is a kind of musical trapeze on which vocal feats are performed, amid the fireworks of flashing melody and crashing harmony. But how different most of our part-songs. These rely for their true interpretation upon that highest of all kinds of expression, which thinks and feels with the sentiment, and which gives the performance a personal, if not a practical turn, touching the springs of hope or of joy, and, in truth, of all other kinds of feeling which ever and anon possess us. One school of music pictures a house, the other a home; one the deed, the other the motive; one the outside of that "little world" man, the other the human thoughts which sway his actions. Mr. Henry Smart's new part-song, "The Shepherd's Lament," is a specimen of the latter class, viz., of music which paints mind; while it is almost perfect in its outer colouring, dealing exquisitely with outward life, it relies for its true interpretation upon the inner life which it pictures, and the emotional experience which it delicately and touchingly pourtrays. Thus, we not only see the pastures, the mountains, the grazing flocks, or the dreaming shepherd listlessly treading the meadows, but, to read the whole thing aright, we must think and feel with the *man*, and share his woes; for however the cynic may

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laugh, there is such a thing as true affection, which is one of the most powerful motives to incite to energy or drive to despair, and those who affect to laugh often only make a miserable attempt to cover their own discomfiture. And here, as we see the love-lorn shepherd standing amid the storm and tempest, we must reverence, *as real artists* we must reverence the feelings, which, however we may laugh, are common to our humanity. The weary bitterness of heart expressed in the phrase to the words, "But yon door remains closed against me, and all is a dream to me," is full of pathos, tenderness, and power. Such a passage is touching if sung with feeling and sympathy, but absolute nonsense without it. Then comes the "bow in the cloud" lighting what? The cottage? Nay, not so much that, as the place hallowed by memories of humble devotion and of sterling, yet lowly love. As the shepherd passes away, solitary and sad, with his burden of despondency and grief, he carries with him our sympathies and best wishes. It would ill become us to comment on the music itself. We would simply say, that it is like the subject of the song—too serious in treatment to be sung with levity or carelessness; or, like a delicate flower, must be handled tenderly and lovingly, to be enjoyed thoroughly. One is better after it; human chords have been touched, as well as harmonic, of rare quality, and the hidden spring of sympathy and honest emotion require opening occasionally, else they might dry, and we might lose the use of those sensibilities which belong to the higher attributes of our nature. A blessing is the orator who can speak to this end, and as great is the composer who can sing us into sadness, or into sympathy with any noble or worthy theme. Perhaps the Frenchman could not comprehend all this.

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Then all the worse for the Frenchman. At the Paris competition the "Hunting Song" was received with intelligent enthusiasm, but the "Shepherd's Farewell," a kindred song to this, was not understood.

In conclusion, we would express the hope, that our songs may become more true to nature, and more expressive of human experience, especially in all that relates to the noble and the beautiful. We have enough of sensationalism and sensualism in our music, yea too much, enough to stop our mouths, if we should be inclined to overestimate our national taste. Let us all endeavour to give our influence and example in favour of a purer and healthier song, whether in our own beloved land or in that of our foreign friends across the Channel. Let us not leave our people to mould their tastes at the so-called music halls. It were a scandal to England if France should suppose that such caterers satisfied the musical wants of our people; were it so, Frenchmen would be happier than we. It is our duty, as leaders of popular taste among the masses, to work with increased zeal, that sound and healthy song may so increase among us, that our neighbours may rejoice with us over the advancement of true science, and the consequent extension of civilization and morality.

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A DISCURSIVE LECTURE ON MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

HOW many volumes have been written to expound the theory of music! how many to praise its beauties! We shall now treat of it only in a general way, and we may be encouraged by the process to know more of its principles, see more of its usefulness, and admire its charms, but, above all, to be grateful to the Giver of this "luxury of blessings."

And first, we have what may be called the *Music of Nature.* Floating throughout creation like the atmosphere, the universe is full of harmony, and its expression is everywhere! The brooklet murmurs a song, the thunder crashes its awful bass, the breezes sing and sigh, the surges roar as they roll, the insects hum, and the birds carol; there is no perfect silence! Cowper says: "Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect which certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits. And if a sinful world had been filled with such as would have curdled the blood

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and made the sense of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have a right to complain. But now the fields, the woods, the garden, have each their concert, and the ear of man is for ever regaled by creatures who seem only to please themselves." The mighty hand that made all things, and planned them by wondrous rules of order, has also tuned the universe, so that it moves without discord. The machinery of the material world does not creak and groan while performing its functions; its sounds are songs! its songs are hymns!

> "There's music in the sighing of a reed;
> There's music in the gushing of a rill;
> There's music in all things, if men had ears;
> Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

And music, as a science, has doubtless occupied to some extent the attention of most of us. We love it in some of its forms. Indeed the man who loves not music is somewhat of a curiosity. But *what is Music?* There is often a little haziness about our common definitions. One will look upon the page scored with lines and spotted with black dots, like tadpoles, and these mixed with queer-looking hooks and hangers of all sorts, and call that music. Now, this is incorrect: these are no more music than telegraphic wires are electricity. We have heard a lady say that "her daughter could sing, but she wished her to learn music," meaning the piano: this is wrong again. Musical signs may convey musical ideas, and machines may produce musical sounds; but music is too subtle to grasp, and is not earthly enough to admit of such definitions. For the sons of God sang in the beginning, before these things were invented, and the

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angels will, and do sing! And future festivals of praise will echo in the palace of the King of kings, when notes and instruments are crumbled into dust! If we turn to the dictionary we shall find it called "The Art of Inarticulate Sounds," etc., divided into the "Speculative," the "Practical," and this latter divided again into "Instrumental and Vocal," "Melody and Harmony." But this, we think, is scarcely a faithful definition; we rather agree with those who call it the "Language of sweet sounds," interpreting the emotions, and stirring the sympathies of the soul to its depths.

CHAPTER II.—MUSIC A POWER.

The influence of music is universal. It has an acknowledged power over the mind of man, and animals feel its influence. The ancients believed in the healing effect of music, and tell of diseases, of melancholy, of rage, of sorrow, all cured or alleviated by its influence. Bœotus relates that the Pythagoreans believed in its power to produce sleep, to charm away dulness, and even to tame the lunatic. Kircher, an author of the early part of the seventeenth century, described the power of music to cure the bite of the poisonous Tarantula; at any rate, its influence upon the mind of man is established. As a stimulant, it is exciting and inspiriting, hence its use on the battle field. Back to the most remote antiquity, we find that every nation had its national songs and instruments of music. The song of Castor was the signal of combat to the Spartans. The Romans took cities to the sound of the trumpet and the horn; the Egyptians, Arabians, and ancient Germans fought to

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the noise of drums, cymbals, flutes, and clarion; the Chinese in their war music employed bells and triangles; and it is familiar to us all how the Hebrew soldiery employed the horn, trumpet, timbrel, and sackbut; the fall of Jericho was preceded by the blast of rams' horns! A modern writer says: "The effect of a national air is prodigious upon the mind of the warrior; the very coward is fired with enthusiasm by the strain of some homely melody!" We are all acquainted with the policy of King Edward I. of England, who, when he had conquered Wales, found that their "Bards" had so powerful an influence over the minds of the people, that, for his own safety, he cruelly ordered them all to be executed. And may we not ascribe much of the indomitable energy of these ancient Welsh and Scotch heroes to the inspiring nature of their national music! And not only to deeds of war and rapine were they thus incited. The history of the Covenanters tell of the hymn in the desert inspiring courage to faith, and constancy to truth. Again, music is put to its highest purposes in the worship and service of the temple. And since the disciples of Christ sang their hymn in their Master's communion, it has been cultivated, until now there is a very general conviction, becoming every day forced upon us, that the service of praise is not a mere adjunct or ornament—not a mere bait or attraction to the house of prayer, but a serious duty and a means of improvement to each individual member of our congregations. The influence of music upon our homes cannot be too highly estimated. There it is a soother of care, a delightful recreation, and a refining exercise. And how great the effect of our home songs, who can tell? From ballads sung in the homes and

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round the hearths of our forefathers, it is said that Macaulay compiled much of his History of England, and was often seen poring over a book-stall with a bunch of old songs sticking out of his pocket. Since the days of Luther, music has aided in refining and strengthening moral feeling. Yea, the great Reformer himself would use his precious leisure in playing the flute and arranging psalms, in which exercise his mind found solace and rest. "Music," says Addison, "is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral and religious feelings." Sidney Smith says, "Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy;" and Chateaubriand calls music "the child of prayer, the companion of religion." Music has long been regarded as the handmaid of civilization. The Germans have a proverb that "Where music is not, the Devil comes." As David took up his harp to exorcise the evil spirit from Saul, so the Germans use it, and have found it to be one of the most effectual means of inducing docility among the stubborn and vicious. A Dr. Kopt in Germany, manager of a large reformatory there, says, "The Bible and the singing of religious hymns are amongst the most efficient instruments for softening the hardened heart." Would it not seem, then, that the influence of music is intended to be much more for good than evil. Music has, no doubt, had its influence upon the politics of nations. The French people were stirred up to revolution by its songs, and they marched to the gory struggle to strains of the "Marseillaise Hymn:" and the great Napoleon once said, "Of all the fine arts Music is that which has most influence on the passions,

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and which the legislator ought to encourage." But we need not dwell here; every national song testifies everywhere to the influence of music. Perhaps there will be no more convincing proof of the power of music in this money-getting, money-keeping, and money-loving age, than the remarkable way in which music opens the pocket. Madame Catalini cleared 15,000 guineas in four months by singing, and declined 10,000 guineas for ten concerts, dying worth £332,000. Jenny Lind is said to have made nearly £30,000 by a tour in the United States; and many persons paid five guineas each to hear her sing. Many great vocalists think £100 per night a mere song, and some get much more: thus, as an article of trade it has its value.

CHAPTER III.—MUSIC AND ANIMALS.

There is very little doubt that even the animal creation is affected by music, although in very different ways. Dogs are exceedingly sensitive to such sounds; many naturalists believe that these impressions are disagreeable. Dogs have been known to endure with indifference the crash of cannon, and howl and fly if the strains of music reached their ears. Birds, on the other hand, testify their pleasure, when they hear lively music, by clapping their wings, and at last bursting forth into song themselves. It is related that whenever a certain Miss Lee (who was a very fine performer upon the harpsichord) played one particular air of Handel's, a pigeon would fly from an adjacent dove-cot to the window in the parlour where the music was performed, and listen to it with the

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most pleasing emotions, and the instant that song, "Spera Si," was over, would return to the dove-cot.

The horse seems partial to the sound of the trumpet and all brazen instruments; martial airs incite him to ardour and activity, preparing him for the battle charge. We may read, also, that hunters in the Tyrol entice deer and stags by singing and playing upon the flute; and even reptiles and insects are said to have an "ear for music!" We are told that the lizard is particularly fond of harmony, that the instant he hears music his movements betray the most agreeable emotions; he turns over now on his back, now on his side, as though he were bathing in a pleasant fluid, and disporting himself in its depths. But he is a dainty musician, for he only likes soft music; noisy sounds disgust him. Beavers and rats are fond of music; but among its most remarkable lovers perhaps spiders are the most curious! they are said to be most sensitive to its effects, and will rapidly run towards the quarter from whence the sounds proceed, remaining as though spell-bound for hours. Elephants have small ears, but they are very susceptible to good music, for they have been noticed while cold and unmoved to *bad* music to be full of pleasurable excitement and emotion when it is good. And lastly, the serpent is almost paralyzed under the influence of the charmer's song. Chateaubriand, in his travels in Upper Canada, affirms that he once saw a furious rattlesnake, which had penetrated into his encampment, lay aside his rage on hearing the music from a flute, and that the reptile followed the musician to a considerable distance. That "music hath charms to sooth the savage breast" is thus literally true, not only of man in his wildness, but of the beast of the fields.

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CHAPTER IV.—MUSIC, ITS ORIGIN AS A SCIENCE.

We have but little information as to the origin of music as a science. We are informed by Moses that the inventor was Jubal, the seventh descendant from Noah; and we have little or no record of the musical theories, or the means of writing musical ideas which were possessed by people of remote ages. We are told of instruments of music—of the harp and lyre, the drum and pipe (or flute), but as to the origin of music we have no record. However, we need no other cause than the natural constitution of man; he is formed to receive delight in the perception of sweet sounds and also in their utterance. The outpouring of song is as natural a result as the utterance of speech, and doubtless it has found, in a similar way, its own gradual expression and extension. The laws of concord, of discord, of harmony and melody, are founded in the constitution of man; the laws of order and proportion also making rhythm. Man as naturally seeks to gratify his propensity for music as to get food to satisfy his hunger. Being thus predisposed to the delights of song, he would embrace any hint suggested by nature or by accident. Thus, he would begin to imitate, first with his *voice*, then to make instruments. The horn of a ram in the mouth of a lad might suggest the trumpet. The whistling of the wind over a reed would suggest the flute. The birds with their thousand songs, and all the grand chorus of nature would inspire man to imitate and invent, until the primæval song is changed for the music of art and nature combined. An examination of the "Natural Scale," with its five whole tones, two half-tones, will do much to confirm

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our opinion that the gift of music is a part of our constitution. Like a constellation, we can only admire its regular, and yet irregular beauty; why, and how, every eighth step in the scale we should come upon the same tone again, we cannot tell; yet we know that in the use of this scale, in its modulations and modifications, our very souls are moved.* Of the music of the Hebrews we have but little record beyond the mention of instruments up to the time of David, and no doubt the schools of the Prophets were also bards, who played upon instruments and composed psalms. The Royal Psalmist was an especial cultivator of the music of the Hebrews; he was also a great performer on the harp—witness his playing before Saul. Then followed Solomon, at whose coronation 4,000 trained Levites praised the Lord with instruments. Often the song of the Levites cheered the Hebrew heroes in their conflicts, turning the tide to victory, till their songs were interrupted by the dreary captivity, when their mouths were silent like their temples and gave forth no service of song. Among more modern Jews, music has been more or less excluded from their synagogues, although in Germany and in England they have in some instances instituted a choir; but this is quite an innovation, for the Jews did hold it improper to rejoice until their Messiah had come, and, with the destruction of Jerusalem, "Hung their harps upon the willows." Here, as in other

* The modern system of teaching music, planned by the Rev. J. Curwen, teaches very beautifully that each tone of the scale conveys a distinct impression on the mind, which can be recognized by the ear; thus the mental effect of *La* is plaintiveness, of *Fa* dreariness, of *Do* solidity and repose. Children learn this language easily, and it is an enormous stride in their musical progress.

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things, they aimed long ago at a certain stage of excellence, and have remained stationary ever since, now about 2,000 years.

The Chinese have had a system of musical science from the remotest period. Their scale is varied from ours, though of course based on that of Nature; it is more like the Greek scale than any other. The Chinese know nothing of harmony, yet were amongst the first to have a musical notation. Their history of the origin of music is amusing. The Chinese say that "Hoang-ty, who lived twenty-two centuries before the Christian era, employed Lyng-lun, a principal personage of the Court, to undertake the regulating of Chinese music." This worthy, in his travels, "accidently cut a beautiful bamboo in such a manner as to form a tube in the part divided by the knots; he cut out the marrow, blew in it, and a sound issued which exactly corresponded with the pitch of his voice when he spoke without passion. At another place he found a bubbling spring, which, to his astonishment, produced a sound in unison with the one drawn from his tube A bird, accompanied by its mate which he noticed perched on a tree, produced a sound again in unison with that of the tube and the stream. He (the bird) then made a number of sounds, which formed six semitones, the female then added six other semitones; and while the birds sung, Lyng-lun cut twelve tubes of different sizes, in unison with the twelve sounds produced by the birds, and, delighted with his discovery, he carried the tubes to the Emperor, who commanded that forthwith these twelve sounds found in so marvellous a manner should form the gamut of Chinese music." This is like their notions and theories of geography, astro-

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nomy, and other sciences, yet with enough of probability in the tale to strengthen the general idea that music has grown into a science by imitation; accident furnishing the material, which the natural musical capabilities of man could use.

The Arabians have a music of a wailing character, which they much enjoy, but which would be harsh to our ears. The Egyptians were a musical people; it is said that Pythagoras was indebted to the priests of Egypt for nearly all the science he possessed, and the Greeks attribute the invention of many musical instruments to the Egyptians. They had a species of guitar in use, the flute, horns, and a harp, nearly equal in range to that of modern times.

There is a legend of the lyre, which again supports the idea that music has grown by imitation and accident into a wonderful science. It is said that the ancient Mercury, Trismegistus, to whom is ascribed the invention of writing and astronomy, has the credit also of inventing the lyre.

It is related that "the Nile, after an inundation, on one occasion left a number of dead animals, and among the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which soon perished and dried up from the heat of the sun. Nothing but the shell and cartilages remained, and being dried and contracted, became sonorous or musical. Mercury, strolling on the banks of the river, kicked against the shell, and was agreeably surprised by the sounds it produced: and this furnished him with the idea of the lyre."

Modern Egyptians have lost their art, as they have lost their national grandeur. Although they have sweet singers, to whose plaintive tones even the stolid Turks

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(the professed enemies of music) will pass whole nights in listening. But music there (as here, alas! sometimes) has got mixed up with profligacy and wantonness. And of the music of the Greeks, to Pythagoras is attributed the monochord, an instrument contrived for measuring and adjusting the ratios of musical intervals by accurate divisions; to him, also, is attributed the invention of the Greek musical notation. They were also practical musicians. They had their choruses of men, youths, and maidens; and we read of a singer named Pyrene, who flourished 709 years before the Christian era, and this singer was of such extraordinary capacity and excellence, that King Telestes caused to be presented to the "divine songstress a costly set of jewels, for the like had never before been heard." Thus we may readily believe that the Greeks were enthusiastic lovers of music. Their modes were the basis of Italian music, upon which was built that wonderful school of song which has toned the music of the world.

We are naturally thus led to notice Italy, the foster-mother of song, and the first school for vocal cultivation. She has been called the "Palace of Music." Her strains are not so full of thought and grandeur as those of Germany, but they are full of grace, tenderness, feeling, and passion. Much does music owe to sunny Italy. In the eleventh century it had obtained a footing there. They had also their distinguished composers and musicians—Guido in the eleventh and Palestrina in the sixteenth centuries. In the seventeenth century they invented the opera; in fact, she then advanced in this, as in other arts, beyond the rest of Europe. There Guido invented the stave, or five lines, now used in

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music; he also contrived the Sol-fa syllables, which he took from the initial syllables of a Latin hymn. He also originated counterpoint, which Palestrina and Scarlatti pushed to its highest perfection. Then they had other great composers—Cherubini, Pergolesi, Jomelli, and Rossini, one of the most popular of Italian composers, dead but a few months, whose praises have been sung, and whose funeral rites have been celebrated by the homage of genius, the laudations of the critic, and the admiration of the world.

Of German music and masters, the names of those great inventors of song with whose works we are familiar are sufficient to place their school at the very summit, as the parent of the highest achievements of science and genius. The names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Handel, are guarantees for the highest excellence. Music has a home in Germany, her humblest children are familiar with song and sound, as our streets often testify.

CHAPTER V.—OF NATIONAL MUSIC.

With regard to National Music, we find that the Russians and Danes, the Scotch, the Irish, and Welsh, all possess exquisite native melodies; and among these Britain is said to be favoured with the sweetest songs in the world! The Scotch particularly have retained their primitive and artless melodies, full of pathos and melancholy, yet ever and anon flashing fire and passion: they are the very language of heroism, suffering, and simplicity! Scotch tunes mainly owe their sweetness to the absence of chromatic tones, and to the use of the minor mode. Some ascribe to David Rizzio the credit of the invention of this kind of

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music. Its origin, however, is involved in obscurity. The priesthood, no doubt, for a long time were the depositories of this as of other arts. So far as Scotland is concerned, the first real account of its rise and spread is to be learned in the meetings of their clans during their rude and warlike times. On their great days of meeting, their finest men assembled with their chiefs; and all the wandering bards and ancient minstrels, who recited or sang, accompanying themselves upon harps and pipes to suit the occasion. Thus the national music of Scotland was sustained, and the spirit of poetry kept alive, without notes or printing. Among the more modern authors of Scotch song may be reckoned Kings James the First and Fourth, who were famous composers. Of the melodies themselves, they are at once rugged and plaintive, tender and grand. A musical authority says "there is a close correspondence between national music and national character;" and we need not draw largely upon our imagination to perceive in the sturdy courage, independence, and seriousness of the Scotch, the origin of the peculiarities of their music.

Of Welsh bards and harpers we have often heard. The power of the bards over the people was astonishing. But most of their music and instruments are said to be borrowed from the Irish, and the similarity supports the assertion. Who has not heard with emotion the lays of "Ould Ireland"? their melodies, so full of grace and passion; their poetry, so full of beauty and imagery. And how like, again, to the enthusiastic, impetuous, fervent nature of the Irish people: every expression so warm, so hearty, so thorough. No metaphor is too strong to express an Irishman's passion, whether of love of country or love of his Kathleen. Where'er he goes, he'll "ne'er

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forget Ould Ireland;" and his Kathleen's lips "are like strawberries covered in crame." The music of Ireland helps to show how little the intellect has to do in producing music which can touch the heart. The utterances of Irish song are full of touches of nature, of exquisite tenderness of feeling, and grace of expression; nor can science do ought to improve these first wild strains of gaiety and passion into which nature has infused her original inspiration.

Of our English national music we need not be ashamed. Of strictly national music we have our "glees," which were originally part compositions with a jovial and mirthful tendency. Madrigals, also, and catches, were the distinguishing music of the sixteenth century. Then every perfect gentleman was expected to take his part in the glee or catch, and failing this, his gentility was open to suspicion. It must be confessed that now-a-days the terms of madrigal and glee are almost synonymous. The former was a kind of pastoral in parts, with much elaboration and art bestowed in its construction. Of glees and old English part-music we must be content with observing that formerly they were intended to be sung by male voices, but then the performance was often accompanied by drink and feasting. Now the fashion of the times are so changed that ladies can take part in such performances, the drinking and riot not being requisite as a proof of gentility.

We have already noticed the place which ballads have held in national music. On some simple melody was often strung a complete history, as in the old English ballads of "Ye Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green" and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." These were sung at the cottage hearth, or by the professed minstrel in the

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halls of the baron. Perhaps it was to some such strain that blind Homer sang his immortal verse. Certainly the delights and incidents of home and domestic life, of rustic joys and experience, of national valour and chivalry, are all written in our national songs.

As a people, we may congratulate ourselves upon our progress in musical education. Music has been so popularized by Hullah, Curwen, and others, that most of our homes are blessed with the inspiring, healthful song, which, humble though it be, is yet a comfort to those who produce it and to those who listen to it. Pianofortes are getting to be as common now as watches, and concerts and festivals have lost their novelty, though none of their attractiveness. By care and culture our music may become an honour to us; for, when adopted by home and sanctified by religion, it takes its proper place in the education of youth; and when its power to elevate and to improve the mind is fully appreciated, England's music will be abreast of her other achievements, and her sons hold up their heads among the most gifted of those whose mighty inspirations they will not have studied in vain.

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MUSIC AND MORALITY.

MUSICAL people have got for themselves a bad name in many respects; and some people, acting on the advice of the old proverb, "Give a dog a bad name," &c., regarding music as such a dog, would execute it at once. We have heard the musical accused of "inferior intelligence," accounted "gay," fond of wine and pleasure; and it is all but a proverb, that "musicians never can agree." With the ascriptions of such weaknesses, we bid fair to earn for ourselves either the fellowship of those who would woo us into error, or the condemnation of those who blame music as the agent of immorality and the foe to religion. We have heard a minister of religion say of a teacher, that music had been his spiritual bane. Now, we do not desire to make this the occasion for preaching, and should be the last to intrude the most sacred of topics at times when we are engrossed with important secular study. Yet we think it well that a few words of friendly counsel should be given; for we believe that a quiet and consistent acting out of Christian virtues is tenfold more impressive than constant warnings, doubtings, and reproofs. In the pursuit of our favourite study, it seems to us that under three headings we may focus a few useful thoughts.

In submitting a few words on these topics, we would

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say that they are advanced as opinions and reflections, and claim no more authority than a serious desire to do wisely and well for music as a pure art.

I. *Our Music—what should it be?*

Here we have differences of opinion, and, we suppose, we ever shall have. We think that one of our first studies should be *Psalmody*, including in this term all the service of praise in the church and the home. Whatever else we neglect, this should not be omitted. But with regard to sacred music in the class, is this likely to demoralize? Is it likely to produce a want of respect for sacred themes, or a free and easy familiarity which may lead astray? That some, on some such grounds, object to sacred music in the class, we know; for the objection has been taken by them in connection with our great choral meetings. Our conviction is that the study of such music is legitimate, and will produce a good effect, if due care is taken by both teacher and pupils to cultivate the proper spirit of reverence of all true disciples of art, and make it a duty and a joy to become wrapt in our theme, without which we can sing nothing properly. Remember Handel in tears, or Sir Walter Scott dictating like an enthusiast, with pacing steps and vehement utterance, his thrilling scenes. Let us sing of faith as though we believed, of the Deity as though we realized His presence, of martyrs as though we could suffer with them.

This thoroughly entering into the spirit of our subject would help us to avoid bad taste and bad practices in this matter; but we need watch ourselves to avoid reproach. A moment of thoughtlessness will do much harm; and we had need very carefully to guard our tongues and our actions, or we shall demoralize, rather than improve.

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And these reflections are occasioned, not so much by what has been seen in others, as by what one has realized in one's own habits and tendencies. A joke, meant harmlessly enough, and, perhaps, separate from the present duty, unobjectionable, may create impressions which we should shrink from realizing, and perhaps do much to efface; as men who, putting higher motives aside, would not outrage good taste in morals or music, watch, and, if possible, check, anything that may mislead others.

With regard to secular music, again, we may find some who object to its practice, and would restrict us to the sacred and the grave. Now, though even among religionists these are comparatively few, we think we might, while differing with them, draw a line somewhere:—the glee, the ballad, the song—and why not the love song? for if it is not wrong to love, it cannot be very wrong to sing about it. By all means encourage them in our social gatherings; but let us mercilessly refuse to encourage, by our ears or voices, anything that we would wish to hide from an honoured mother's eye, or a pure sister's ear. In the study of such music we can unbend, be merry, crack a good joke if we can make one, or mourn a bad joke if we perpetrate it; only let us not descend to trivialities, nor waste time in absurdities which should be spent in study. But while we are cheerful, let our fun have intention, and aim to fix a truth, illustrate our meaning, or elucidate our composer; thus, if we offend neither against the morals or sensibilities, we may, in being merry and wise, increase our efficiency, and lighten the toil of study.

It is well to remember that young people must laugh occasionally, and elder folks are grateful when you can make them forget their cares.

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II. *Our Motives—what should they be?*

We should work with an intent beyond getting gain. This is necessary; but all those who labour professionally, or as amateurs, should have ulterior and higher aims. In obtaining a more thorough acquaintance with our art, or in endeavouring to instruct others, what then should be our aim? One of our desires should be, first, to place the song of the sanctuary in the mouth of all; then seek to add proficiency to universality; then encourage zeal and sincerity, and aim not so much at fine services and showy singing, as to facilitate the utterance of general praise. And to this end all musical culture tends; for the easier the music, and the more facile its comprehension, the more free is the mind and heart left to rise to the object of our worship. Of all the arts, is not this the fullest of future promise? The astronomer, as he gazes out into space, and yearning to explore the stars, almost longs for eternity, in the hope that these marvels may be then investigated; but can we not say with more confidence of music, that eternity shall witness its extension? for if we, in cherishing the teaching of our holy faith, gaze across the span of life, we behold a glad and grateful throng, who, while dazzled by the rays of divine splendour, sing—sing what? not the song of earth, but the praise of God—the psalmody of eternity. But there are other and more laudable motives for our efforts. Music, as a civilizer, elevates and refines. Elihu Burritt says: "Amongst the instrumentalities of peace and love, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice, than that of gentle, peace-breathing music." Music, as a comforter, soothes and delights. Martin Luther says: "I pronounce it openly, that, after theology, there is nothing that can be compared with

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music; this only, like theology, can give peaceful minds and gladsome hearts." Music, as a science, reveals wide fields for thought, where Divine wisdom is displayed. Music, as a pleasure, moves the soul; and, because of this, it is philanthropic, patriotic, and worthy our earnest endeavour to extend its influence, as a moral agent, in our schools, homes, and congregations.

III. *What we should avoid.*

Music has been subjected to sad degradation by those caterers for public entertainment, who, by their display of tinsel, gilt, and gas, their temptations to sensual indulgence, demoralize and degrade, as they amuse and delight. Latterly the rage has been for Music Halls, where sixpence gains admission and a fabulous amount of refreshment; while talking, eating, drinking, smoking, and flirting, are the accompaniments of respectable music, and where songs to be enjoyed must be spiced with impure allusions, or an unhallowed ridicule of domestic life or professors of religion. Supplement these with exciting exhibitions on the trapeze, or contortionists, whose great charm is their juvenility, or else a female *danseuse*, who will show greater "*abandon*," and lack of all that is most charming in woman. And all this and more is perpetrated in Music Halls, many of which are nightly filled by a throng of young people, who, having once tasted, enticed by the name of music, morbidly long for the exciting fare. Alas! for music, that her good name should be abused in connection with such scenes of discordant sensualism; alas! for our young men, if they cannot endure two or three hours of rational enjoyment without the adjuncts of beer, tobacco, feasting, and profanity; alas! for our young women, too, if they can unblushingly enjoy such scenes as these.

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Success, then, to all those who aim at providing healthier pursuits for the leisure of the young, and thanks to all who by any respectable means seek to check a degraded taste, and induce a healthy appetite for more manly and more profitable enjoyments. To those in whom a small acquaintance with music has begot a more thorough love of it, and a desire to hear more, we would say, avoid such places! As you would be preserved from vice and shame, enter not their gates, for under the silver tongue is the poison which will sap the foundation of all pure thought, pure life, and pure association, and dry up those finer impulses which find delight in home, friendship, and religion. And, again, there is a temptation to some who having in addition to good natural gifts made some progress as singers, or performers, seek to turn them to profit in such scenes. We would ask such to consider whether the dole which would be given by such task-masters, would not be dearly bought by the loss of self-respect, and respectable association, which such engagements involve. We know that seductive terms are offered to the gifted, but can any terms be acceptable which tend to lower the morals or degrade the sense? We know a singer who forfeited good musical prospects, as a pupil of a teacher of note, because she would not offend her sense of propriety in connection with a proposed first appearance. Better reserve music as an enjoyment which shall cheer our honest toil, enliven a pure home, and aid our praise to that Friend who will never forget those who walk uprightly.

There is another need for caution, which those of us who are engaged in teaching or conducting classes or choirs might consider with profit. Our own experience leads us to remark that the refinements of etiquette and

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social life, if cultivated, promote the sociability of the class, without engendering lightness of conduct; for instance:—Encourage gentlemanly behaviour among the gentlemen; never hesitate to reprehend looseness of language, or rudeness.

It would occasion much surprise were we to tell what we have seen in a musical society. Rather sacrifice a good voice and subscription, than encourage an immoral character. Avoid music whose words have a tendency to slight morality and religion, or scoff at domestic life and joys.

We read that in the 17th century no gentleman was thought a perfect gentleman unless he was able to take part in the social glee. Now, thanks pre-eminently to the Sol-fa plan, the humblest son of labour may become a perfect gentleman! Let us help him in preserving himself from dangerous inclinations, and we may see our old England peopled with gentility—freer, happier, braver, and purer, than any age has yet known. But the glee of olden time was confined to male voices, and with the change of fashion in the times, we require the presence of the ladies; this in itself may have a healthful tendency, when the respectable rules of social intercourse are all preserved. But when once we depart from these, there is danger to all, and especially to those whom we should ever chivalrously desire to honour and protect.

But though we acknowledge that music has been misused, and made the "scapegoat" of mischief, she has fared no worse than her sister arts. Painting has done more than adorn our halls with beauty; by rhetoric, men have been stirred to crime and cruelty, as well as to patriotism and piety. Through the printing press the alloy

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of evil has flowed with the gold of utility; and through the catalogue of scientific discovery the spirit of mischief works with the good, like the tares with the wheat. Let it be ours, like the true disciples of progress, both in science and morality, to encourage the good and to check the evil.

We have in our hands a glorious instrument—so sturdy that it can employ the manliest intelligence—so subtle that it can charm the spirit; like an essence it entwines itself among our sympathies and habits; as the language of the soul it finds its utterance all but universally; like the air we breathe, it is God's gift to rich and poor. And in proportion as it comforts the life, elevates the taste, employs the thought, and utters the praise of men, it is a moral agent, which we should use with care and zeal, corresponding to its power and importance.

We may be sure of this:—that the man who sings at his work is not the "*worst hand;*" while the man who loves not song, as Shakespere says, is "*fit for* treason, stratagems, and spoils." Of the power of song, who has an adequate idea? By a few wide silvery tones, the serpent is disarmed and charmed. Who can tell the effect of the song of the Covenanters, as they plodded on through danger to death? or how the Martyrs' hymn aided the memory in the flames and gave expression to heroic faith? The harmony of sweet sounds breathes throughout creation—from the throat of the lark, floating 'twixt earth and sky, to the thunder diapason, rolling from the clouds! Like a mournful muse, the wind sings through the trees, and heralds the coming storm! How rare is silence! and how painful to bear! The solitude of retirement is mostly quiet music. The seaside pebbles, how they chorus with the waves! The

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very insects, how they hum their busy tunes! But from the lips and heart of man, in the midst of this magnificent material creation, comes the outpouring of intelligible song,—now telling of thankfulness, of adoration, of confidence, of cheerful content, of enjoyment.

Let us thank God for this safety valve for the emotions; and recognizing it as a means of good, seek to promote its legitimate cultivation, and to avoid its abuse.

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THE EXPERIENCES OF MISS TREMOLO DOLCE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WE have heard some folks—and especially young ladies—say: "We have hard and dry theory enough,—lectures and papers, which, however erudite, are often not as interesting as the facts on which they treat." And we think there is much truth in the statement. For practical purposes some of these important things, presented in the concrete form, might probably be more useful, forcible, and agreeable. Parabolic or picture teaching has the highest authority, and, we are likely to be more successful as we judiciously adopt this pleasant means of sweetening instruction. On this ground this paper is offered, and is humbly dedicated to young lady teachers, for their encouragement and, if possible, their improvement. Heywood, a poet of the 16th century, being asked by Queen Mary "what wind blew him to court," answered, "two specially: the one to see your Majesty." "We thank you for that," said the Queen; "but, I pray you, what is the other?" "That your Majesty," said he, "might see me." Thus we introduce Miss Dolce, that as a teacher she may be seen, and that the lady may be as visible as possible, we

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will let her speak her own experiences, only claiming for her the indulgence which a lady always expects, when compelled, from a sense of duty, to come into unusual prominence. We should also bear in mind that she had no intention of unbosoming her thoughts, at least in the very candid form of this her "Tonic Sol-fa Autobiography." She says:—

"I am of a modest and retiring nature, as my name implies, and consequently have ever shunned more than ordinary prominence; yet it is strange, that by one means or another, I find myself in a position of public notoriety, from which I should have hysterically shrunk some years ago. For it seems to me that every means I adopt for my own improvement is seized by somebody for public use; and so often has this occurred, that I should not be much surprised if these jottings of my experience were in some mysterious way to be made public; and were it not that I believe in keeping a diary, as a great means of improvement, I should in every fear keep my own counsel. By the way, I have often been struck by the fact that so few people, and especially young ladies, cultivate the habit of writing their thoughts, or of recording their doings. It seems to me that if they did no more, they could write their own history, which at any rate is important and eventful to themselves. * * * I received a liberal education, that is, I was taught French, the piano, drawing, crotchet, and a modicum of plain English. But under the guidance of faithful parents, I have been induced to devote my leisure to the improvement of others, and I really believe I have improved myself thus, more than by any other educational process, and especially as regards the cultivation of those habits

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of self-reliance, and practical acquaintance with the uses of things, which is often the last thing apprehended. Among other engagements, I have been enlisted as a Ragged School teacher, and it was through the emergencies of this work that I was led to teach the Tonic Sol-fa method. I reside in a suburb of London, in its way a respectable locality, yet not so respectable as to be without poor and ragged children. It happened that, at a meeting of our teachers, when considering by what means we could increase the efficiency of our school operations, we found that one of our difficulties was the singing (if singing such noise could be called). Not a tune did the children know that the teachers could sing, and no tunes were known by us which would meet the capacity of these rough children; and worse than all, not one among our gentlemen had the slightest knowledge of music, or the ability to help us out of the difficulty; and when they did attempt to sing in the school, they made such droll noises, which, tickling the children's fancy, produced much more droll imitations, so that the school was often in an uproar, and singing was perforce abandoned for the present. Now we all agreed that this was an unnatural state of things, and also, that the children must be taught to sing. Then came the practical questions, 'how?' and 'who?' Now it happened that about a year before this, I had been taken by a friend to the opening of a Tonic Sol-fa class, and notwithstanding that I went with an air of patronage (which I considered the proper thing, in connection with what I had been led to look down upon, as an insignificant and childish movement) I was so influenced by the evident truth and simplicity of its

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principles, that I joined the class, and was, at that moment the possessor of the 'Intermediate certificate,' as the result of my attendance. I fancied I had kept this all to myself, but guess my astonishment when one of my fellow teachers exclaimed, 'Why, Miss Dolce can assist us! She has been learning the new system of singing, for I saw some of the new notes at her house when I called months ago.' Now, had a thunder-clap assaulted my ear, I could not have been more confounded. It was in vain I protested my inability, my nervousness, my unfitness in every way; they would believe in me: I must teach the children on the new plan. Again I proclaimed my incapacity, and predicted my utter failure: they would obstinately believe that I was clever and proficient enough; so I went home, first to cry over it, and then to think about it, and I realized only one thing clearly—that on the Monday week I was engaged to begin the work of teaching fifty or more ragged, rough and ready urchins, of both sexes to sing. What should I do? I was in a fever of anxiety. I took a sheet of paper, and commenced a series of notes of a proposed lesson, but not a single sentence could I get into ragged school shape at all. Now, if I could only get some one to practise upon first, just to feel my way; and a great many more silly 'if's' suggested themselves. At last I opened my 'Grammar of Vocal Music,' and studied the 'Lessons to Children,' and hope dawned within me. Why, it was as clear as daylight! there were the questions and, better still, the answers too! 'Come, come, Tremmy,' I said, 'the thing is easy after all; you have made an ogre to frighten yourself with.' I felt much elated, and in my newly awakened

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sense of security, I went to sleep that night and dreamt that I had given a most successful course of lessons,—that the children sang as well as the choir at St. Paul's, and much more reverently, and I was awakened in the morning by the thunders of applause which greeted their performance of some pieces at our annual meeting, where I, "modest Miss Dolce" (as I was nicknamed at school), had been figuring away, *à la* Jullien. * * * Each day, up to the eventful one of my appearance in my new capacity, my hopes increased; the whole thing, now very familiar in theory, was certainly to be a success. Each day I plunged into the mysteries of "modes," "modulation," and "mental effects," and by this process I detected a great deal of which I was ignorant, and more that I imagined I knew; but one result in which I exulted was a list of notes, such a length! and I chuckled as I said to myself—'here certainly is my security against failure.' I hugged my dear notes, as a kind of Teaching Assurance Policy. * * * * At length the day for the first lesson came, and, strange to add, a return of my old symptoms came with it—I began once more to shake with apprehension, and more than once was nearly in a state of tears. I stared blankly at my "Modulator," and wonderful ladder as I believed it to be, it was not a "Jacob's Ladder" to me, for instead of angels, rough-headed boys seemed grinning and ogling me from every interval. Then I thought of my precious notes, but, strange to say, I found to my horror that when I read them I could not remember a single sentence. Then another of my proposed comforts began to torment me. I suddenly remembered that I had bargained for certain teachers

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to be present, to assist me in keeping order, and this thought began to alarm me. I was sure that the young Mr. A. would laugh at me, and how hot it made me feel! and the Misses B. and C. would pity me! and oh! that was worse and worse. Oh Tremmy! I cried, what a shame to place you in such a fix! But it was of no use—I was 'in for it now,' as my brother used to say when he expected a fatherly flogging. I clutched my books and papers despairingly, and sallied forth, half numbed by my old terrors, to my place of trial. Well, I reached the school-room (I had walked there in a kind of trance), and, strange phenomenon! a kind of courage came upon me as I entered. Whether it was desperation, or the consciousness of a desire to do good which supported me, I know not, but I was comparatively calm when I stood up to commence my lesson. Yet the fifty pairs of twinkling cunning eyes confounded me. I felt my lips twitch, and my teeth almost chatter, as I could distinctly hear Mr. A., in a most solemn whisper, 'hush, hush, hushing,' when it occurred to me, that there was not a sound in creation louder than the thumping of my heart, which seemed to boom out like a big drum. I tried the plan recommended in the 'Course' for quieting its pulsations—that is, I stood on my left leg like a roosting canary; but though I did so until I nearly fell on the table, I did not realize all that I expected from the process. The more I tried to press my weight on the one foot, the lighter I seemed to grow, until I almost feared I should go up altogether like a balloon. This prop then failed me! but no matter, I must begin. With a great effort I managed to gasp out what I understood

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to be a very good first question, viz., 'What is music?' This I did without a word of introduction, and the question unlocked the pent-up zeal of the children:—For 'singing, teacher,' shouted a shock-headed boy who had evidently been practising his lungs at 'Clean your boots, Sir!' 'Singing, teacher!' like a chorus, echoed the whole tribe, great and small. The readiness of the reply, its force and unanimity, seemed so like a 'volley' aimed at me, that the little reason I had left forsook me—I was, in fact, confounded. I seemed in a kind of mist, so I replied, 'No; singing is not music!' and no sooner had I said so than I felt I had blundered, and yet I was not sure where I was wrong, I had made up my mind for an answer according to the course of lessons. Now for my notes, I thought. I turned them over; no help could I get from them. I however informed them that music was 'sweet sounds.' 'Oh my!' cried out my shock-headed friend, 'ain't singing sweet sounds, teacher?' and at that moment I fancied I heard a stifled titter where the Misses B. and C. were, and I thought I suddenly saw young Mr. A. dart out of the room with his handkerchief in his mouth. My cup was full! In my confusion, I dropped into my seat, and, shall I own it even to myself, I actually cried. There was an immense uproar; the Misses B. and C. came with smelling bottles and fan,—with water and kind words. In my bitterness I heeded nothing, but in confusion I hastily left the scene, and did not feel secure until I found myself at home, and locked in my own room. * * * What different dreams I had this night to those of a week ago. I tossed on my pillow,—starting every now and then with strange

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musical nightmares. Now it was the shock-headed boy who seemed to be dancing like a sprite upon my chest, and singing the chord of *Fah* with miserable persistency. Now, it was a tribe of savages surrounding my bed painted all over with Sol-fa notes, like animated modulators, and yelling out the chord of 7S to the words, *Yah whoo, yah whoo!* with great resolution. Then the scene changed, and a fast-looking young man was following me in the street, and asking me whether two 'removes to the left' would take me home. But at last the morning came, and I arose, strange to say, with a most determined resolution to teach those children to sing, or perish in the attempt. Yes, 'try, try, try again,' should be my motto, until I succeeded. But what should I do? Well, a happy thought occurred to me, I would seek a little advice, and that from my former instructor. * * *

"I went immediately after dinner to my former teacher, Mr. Harmony Analysis, A.C., and to my great joy found him at home. I told him my troubles, my attempt and miserable failure, at which the naughty man actually laughed. But when I also told him I was determined to succeed, and wanted his help, he gave me his congratulations, and shook hands with me with enthusiasm. At his request I described to him how I had prepared, and where I had broken down. He then gave me a few hints, and much encouragement in the kindest way. He said that 'from his knowledge of my progress in class and in certificate taking, I was sufficiently acquainted with the method to make a good elementary teacher.' He told me I had misapprehended the 'pattern' lessons, that I must not look for the identical answers as put

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in the book, but that I should prepare for wrong answers, stupid answers, and clever answers too, and especially among ragged children, who are often preternaturally sharp. Then he abused my treasured "notes." He considered them a means of failure, because they checked the cultivation of memory, led to a want of reliance upon already acquired information, prevented ready speech, and took the eyes off the pupils, who might often be controlled by a "sharp look-out." He told me I might often come from a lesson and be vexed at having missed something, but if I always kept in mind main principles, and laid these well in the minds of my pupils, I should be doing thorough work. Then he advised me to dispense with assistance in keeping order, to rely more upon interesting the children; that, as a rule, the rudest boys were by a certain instinctive chivalry more tractable with a lady; also, that my late nervousness originated more from the presence of my fellow teachers than from anything else. Then, said he, use homely illustrations; for instance, you might liken the tones of the scale to a family,—call *Doh* the father, *Soh* a good son, and *Me* the mother; or to the crew of a ship,—call *Doh* the captain, *Soh* and *Me* the mates, and *Te* the cabin boy; and above all don't be surprised at any answers children may give you—you will generally get something like what you want, and sometimes something more than you want. Then he told me an anecdote of a gentleman who had undertaken to give a 'model lesson' to a class of Sunday school children, before a number of Sunday school teachers, on Elijah and the prophets of Baal, and among other questions he asked the children 'Why did Elijah cause water to be thrown upon the bullocks

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upon the altar?' And after a silence, a thoughtful little boy answered, 'It was to make gravy, Sir!' which practical answer completely upset the model lesson; of course the teacher was convulsed with the drollery, and, confounded by the laughter so altogether unexpected, was consequently quite unfitted to turn a sharp answer to good account. Many other things he told me, which gave me courage, and I wondered I had not thought of them before. I went home hopeful once more, and with more real expectation of success.

"On Sunday I went to school as usual, and it was evident I was not expected by the teachers, after my recent mortification; and when I think of it I wonder I did not feel too poorly to appear. But I took the difficulty, as the Scotchman did the bull, by the horns; I cut short all the speeches of condolence, begun by the superintendent, by informing him—I expect in very resolute tones for me—that I intended to persevere in my effort to teach the children to sing, and that if he would kindly inform those who assisted me in keeping order on the last occasion, that their services would not be required, I should be obliged to him. I could not help smiling when I saw the good man's look of surprise; but it was enough for me that I gained my point, and it was arranged that the next day—single handed—I should once more begin my Sol-fa work. That night I was disturbed by no fanciful dreams, I was quiet, and slept soundly, and woke strong in resolution and calm in mind; in fact I never seemed so unlike Tremolo Dolce as I did that day. The humiliation had done me good, the hints and instructions I had received were now applied forcibly to my case, although I did not see my way

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perfectly even now, and sometimes I shuddered when I thought of the 'shock-headed boy.' Yet I had a feeling that this time I should do better.

"Instead of going to the school-room only just in time to begin my lesson, I went down twenty minutes earlier, and found a dozen children waiting for admittance. The doors were opened, and I stood at my table; and as each child came forward I had a good firm look at him, and found by this process that I gained courage in using my own eyes and also power over theirs. Beside this, I secured order by a nod or a smile, and by saying a word or two to them I gained courage in using my voice, and by my evident self-reliance I gained the respect of the children, which I feared my last appearance had forfeited. By my kind words I secured their good-will also, which I have since found to be a great help. When the time came, I closed the doors, and with sufficient trepidation to make me press heavily upon my left leg, I began by asking them what they had come for? 'To learn us to sing,' 'to teach us notes,' 'teach us hymns,' were the answers, mixed with others more or less silly. Yes, to teach you to sing. I confess I then avoided my old rock, by telling them that singing was only *one* kind of music, and by asking them what was the other? They answered, 'fiddles,' 'trumpets,' 'drums,' 'whistles.' None of them said pianos. They mentioned the instrument they knew most about.

"I now rejoiced. I was fairly launched, and my lesson went on famously. I soon forgot poor Tremmy and her troubles, as I saw how the children enjoyed the truths of music thus brought down to their capacity. Before the lesson was over they had mastered the strong tones in any position, and could sing them from anything. Table,

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umbrella, desk, chairs, I made them into *Doh's* and *Soh's* and *Me's*, and found that they soon attached the ideas to anything. This taught me a lesson, viz., to teach the *thing* music apart from mere symbols, as much as possible. The lesson was ended, and I dismissed my class, who had given me no trouble, and I went home with a light and thankful heart, because, first, I had found another way of doing good, and next that I had gained an important victory over myself. My next lesson or two were equally successful, and nothing occurred until I came to teach the 'mental effects' of the tones. And here the children seemed full of it. It was as though each idea lay torpid in their minds, and that I, by a magic breath had warmed it into life. I was rather non-plussed once or twice, especially when I sang a phrase, and asked them what such a tone was like? when a little girl said, 'It's nice, teacher, I like it;' and by a little boy, who would have it that *Fah* was like a 'bogy,' and the 'shock-headed boy' would have it that *Lah* was like 'his mother's baby.' (If so, it must have been a more gentle weeper than most of the babies I have ever seen, who always seemed to me to cry in 'piercing tones' at least). Then *marking the time* was an obdurate obstacle, it was only after many miserable attempts and discomfitures, that I at all succeeded in making my bâton hold its own. The miserable thing seemed to grow pliable as I handled it, and its early movements were about as even and decided as the waving tail of an expectant lap-dog! It actually seemed to waggle with my hopes and fears—and if variety is useful as an exercise in measuring time, my poor class must have benefited considerably; and when we were singing the pieces I am afraid I was often only beating a kind

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of 'tatoo' to the singing, for I seemed powerless to stem the torrent of sound which came from the strong throats of the children. However, in a lesson or two I think I improved. My nerves were less shaky, and if I did not always do what I wished, I certainly tried. I was somewhat cheered when, in talking the matter over with my former teacher, he told me that it was no easy thing to keep good time with the bâton; that many teachers, even gentlemen, experienced difficulty in maintaining the inflexibility thereof. * * * * Further experience convinces me that I could have done nothing with these children without the letter notation and the 'Modulator.' As it is, some of the children scarcely know their letters, but I have found that this desire to learn to sing has made them more assiduous in learning to read, and thus a further good is accomplished. * * * * *

"I have now succeeded in my labours, so that in six months I induced my friend Mr. Analysis to visit my class. He examined my pupils; they bore the test bravely; we have had a demonstration since, and the teachers heard the class sing some pieces with delight and astonishment. The Sunday singing is now a pleasure, and I have reason to rejoice in the success of my humble but persistent efforts; and I wish other young ladies, with time and opportunity, would thus labour for the good of poor children, and that if they do they may also taste the sweetness of hard earned success."

Echoing the last sentiment of Miss Dolce's autobiography, we leave it for consideration, without further comment, trusting that other retiring young ladies may be induced thereby to persevere in the effort to put a "new song" into the lips of neglected and unlettered children.

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THE RELATION OF THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM TO INSTRUMENTS.

WE would venture to congratulate the director and originator of the Tonic Sol-fa system on the splendid success which has up to this day attended the Tonic Sol-fa movement. How wonderfully it has grown upon his hands is best known to himself: how wonderfully he has met all demands can perhaps be best seen by us and others.

Who, at the outset, seriously contemplated complete emancipation from crotchets and quavers, we know not. Yet, somehow, Sol-fa illumination created a demand for more light, and the Sol-fa Press gave it, not only in courses of lessons, and myriads of pages of healthy and good music, but also in instrumental works, until we have drum and fife, string band, and other books, in addition to instructions for pianoforte, harmonium, and organ; but all pointing in one direction, and all asking one thing, viz., that these should *be used* till the homes of our people should be graced by accomplishments which have heretofore been held as the monopoly of a cumbrous, though venerable, notation and its professors. But this is an age of reforms; and this one for the *Liberation of Music from the bondage of an arbitrary mode of expression*, has

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advanced with others, and will soon obtain its perfect achievement.

It is to be feared that in the early history of the Tonic Sol-fa movement the use of instrumental music was too much overlooked, and in some instances deprecated. Another thing is also true, that early Sol-fa disciples were not at all inclined to believe that the system, and more especially that the *notation*, was adaptable to the use of instrumental performers. These views are in most cases altered, and it becomes necessary to approach the question—Is the system and notation all that is needful to make a player, without a knowledge of the old notation? It is therefore highly desirable that we should arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, for several reasons.

1st. There is a large number of students acquainted with the Tonic Sol-fa musical language to whom it is a "mother tongue." Are these to be told that they *must* learn another, and to them a foreign language, before they can play upon instruments?

2nd. The knowledge of instruments is desirable to the student, the conductor, and the composer. These are now rising from our ranks. Does the system and notation place all necessary appliances to this end at their service without extraneous aid?

3rd. In performing works requiring, indispensably, orchestral accompaniment, can Sol-faists hope ultimately to provide this for themselves, or must they be continually dependent upon old notationists for an orchestra?

Let us carefully proceed to the consideration of these questions. To the first we reply, with confidence, that there *is no necessity* for a Tonic Sol-fa student to learn more of the old notation than is required for vocal pur-

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poses, viz., a proper knowledge of keys and fixed sounds; nay, more: it is proved, and friends of the Tonic Sol-fa Orchestral Association support the proof, that the Tonic Sol-fa system and notes are positively *superior* for those instruments which form the *mass* of an orchestra. Thus, the orchestral quartet, or the strings (violins, viola, and 'cello), require the same kind of mental effort which we make when we *sing* in tune. The tuning, stopping, and shifting, on the violin or 'cello, is ear work as well as finger work. Musical thought should accompany manual manipulation, to make a good violinist; thus, only those who have "good ears" for music are expected to make decent players on the violin. And when great players do appear, despite their theories, could they not be proved to be key-tone or Tonic Sol-fa players? The tones not being fixed by keys or holes, are readily produced by Tonic Sol-faists. Then it makes the feat which staggers the old note player so often, viz., "transposition," quite an easy business. It will not matter what key the Sol-faist plays in, since he plays from the key-tone; and so long as he bears in mind his key, his way is smooth and clear, and by virtue of his training easier far than "transposing" from the old notation. Then in respect to brass instruments, with their many valves, crooks, and slides, and the drums which are tuned on tonic principles, all are found to be easier of acquirement to the Sol-faist on his own system. Nay, more, the instruments which present the greatest obstacles to the Sol-fa player are not *more* difficult to him than to the old notationists—these are the clarionet, oboe, and bassoon (the flute is easily used); this leaves such a balance of advantage that there is no need for the Sol-faist to accept as at all true, that his system and nota-

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tion is still but a handmaid to the old notation. The thing has grown—grown out of its own modest and youthful pretensions; the handmaid has got "settled" in life, and can now claim position as a "mistress," and this by the honest virtue and truth which is in her. Her large family does her credit, and supports her claims and dignity.

On the second point, that is, in the matter of the instrumental knowledge needful to our many students, the system will not be found wanting. To the conductor it gives an intelligible "score." Mr. Curwen has issued a contrasted specimen lately. If we look at it we shall be struck by its unity. There are no clefs requiring mental transposition; we have a plain chord to read, and it is written in "plain English." The varied clefs of an old score seem as rational as though we were to print the words of a cantata one line in French, another in German, and the third in English, and we call it a benefaction that we should be enabled to make the "reading of a score" a matter of pleasant fact rather than of solemn fiction. Not only in the matter of unity of expression—an intelligible thing—the Sol-fa score is useful for its compactness and small compass. Why should a "score" be so cumbrous and unwieldy? In this minor matter there is advantage. Then the composer will not find Sol-fa fail him here. By it he has found a means of reading chords, comprehending harmony, and of readily conveying musical thought. It has brought the study of harmony down to the capacity of those who can read music at all, and wrested it from the dominion of those who formerly terrified musical amateurs by their solemn announcements made on brass plates, viz., "Professor of Thorough Bass." Its tonic

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principle,—a little bit of thorough bass to begin with,—was the first thing learned, and is a solid rock, standing on which the humblest pupil may soon get a glance into the world of sound, which would otherwise remain to him a chaos. Then the system of harmony-*language* is so clear and definite that it makes one wonder how people ever got on with "figured basses" at all. It is not content with naming a chord, but *fills it up*, leaving its completeness no matter of uncertainty or option. Again, the composer will find it easier to retain the "unity of his score," to prevent the scattering of his parts, and to find in the Sol-fa language generally a readier means of uttering his musical thought, and to adorn or elaborate that thought with all the resources which instrumental colouring can give him.

But in composing for the orchestra only, what then? Why, we believe we have the most eloquent way of using instruments. It is pitiable to hear the thoughtless talk disparagingly of purely instrumental music. They laugh at the notion of "songs without words," and why? Doubtless because they cannot understand them. They say, "Instrumental music is a secondary matter." How misguided and false is such a notion! Music with words, and music wedded to expressed thought, is a delight; and in the adornment of noble themes she herself is honoured. But Music is in herself grander when she utters her own thought in her own magnificent tongue. With her sighs and groans, her shouts and cries, with her wooings and caressings, her soothings and thunderings, she touches the chords of that God-given nature which she is meant to impress. Here, above all, does the doctrine which apprehends the "character" and "mood" of each tone, and of each combination, give the young composer a look into

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the very bosom of music, from whence he can draw rich stores of musical thought, which shall reward him for his clearer apprehension of her resources.

We are apt to stand aside, in dumb ignorance and admiration of the great master who has penetrated the secret, and brought to light new thought, in the universal and eloquent "language" of sweet sounds. We are prone to be content to let a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn, in their wondrous sonatas, concertos, and symphonies, sway our emotions, move our passions, and delight our sense, but to remain ignorant of the wherefore of all this. But the "tone-language" of the Tonic Sol-fa student divests this of much of its mystery, and by a common sense interpretation of nature helps to a comprehension of the source, meaning, and tangibility of musical ideas. Thus our dohs and sohs utter strength and brightness, our fahs and lahs move to dread and tears; and by this light "songs without words" may be read as well as felt. Then the accompaniment to an oratorio or opera is something more than a mere support for the voices, or a link only to hold them in key. The orchestra is not a mere frame to hold a picture, but it *is part of the life-scene itself.* A picture is but faintly drawn when its outline is unfilled by living colour, its background unadorned by sky or landscape, its detail strange to the touch of passion or of feeling! And such is the relationship of voices and instruments in *any* composition in which the respective dignity of each is considered. Like human figures, the voices image incident or thought; but the shading and tracery, the sunlight and shadow, the foliage, the landscape—in truth, the colour and life-blood to the outline is, in the works of the mighty in music, filled in by the orchestra, making the whole unique

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as a poem and vivid as reality. How far this is seen and acknowledged by players we will not say, but the day is to come when it will be found *the rule*, and not the exception, that solos, choir, and orchestra realize that each is dependent upon the other, and that without mutual consideration and sympathy they cannot give a true idea of the composer's conceptions. Here is scope for the highest ambition in music, and it may be that the real brotherhood of voice, band, composer, and conductor may be most extensively and ardently proclaimed when the true artistic spirit has more perfectly permeated our people.

And, thirdly, comes the question of necessities: accompaniments for hundreds of choirs and thousands of singers must be had. If we do not make composers or great performers, are we to make an orchestra, or are we to remain in dependance upon the whimsical and often unsympathizing aid of old notation bands? We would not speak disparagingly of these. The great mistake is here—they have got to look upon us as helpless; and, as a rule, the world helps those who help themselves. In this matter then, if we help ourselves, we shall gain their respect, and more hearty co-operation. They will treat with us, as knowing something about the thing we want, and also as judges of its place and quality. Great players on certain instruments must usually be engaged, as their number could be counted on one's fingers, but the mass we should make. And we should in addition aim to make great players, whom others would gladly engage, and thus make all obligations mutual; but more than this—the instrumental is the last question which remains to be settled, to prove Sol-fa complete master of the situation, or a mere "handmaid" again. We look upon this, there-

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fore, as a test, and we doubt not that the energy and vitality which has fostered the Tonic Sol-fa system up to the present will triumph in the future. Note the step-like progress of the system, despite cries of incredulity, and the sneers of musical authorities, who pooh-poohed without thought or examination. It began, first as a modest helper to psalmody and school song, then the caterer for holiday and home music, then the parent of concerts and choirs of huge dimensions, until a sturdy youth, the Sol-fa stripling grapples with harmony in open competition, and comes out of the buffetings of severe opposition stronger and purer than ever, at first food for children, now like the bread we eat, also a source of strength to full grown manhood.

There has been a talk of a National system of music: in a legislative sense we need none, in a practical and truly national sense we have one. The Tonic Sol-fa system *is* educating the great mass of our people in music, and on the most scientific and economic principles; it needs not Government patronage. Perfect freedom and equality is all that it requires to make it the parent of universal and healthy music in future generations.

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ON SINGING IN CHURCH.

MANY and strange are the differences of opinion and practice as to Church Music, and equally astonishing the elasticity of Christian consciences which find such varied notions of duty respecting singing in church, as are embraced between the usage of the "Friends," on the one hand, who sit silent in their house of prayer, to the gorgeous and advertized *performances* of the Romish Church. Between these two there is a great diversity of opinion among the various Protestant churches, but in most of them there is the desire to foster church singing; and the question naturally arises at the outset — *What should our singing be in connection with Divine worship?* We need not refer to the endless controversies which have arisen out of the endeavour to answer this question. We believe that the tolerant spirit of the times was never more favourable than now to its calm discussion.

First,—Is a service sung by a choir a sufficient celebration of church praise? This involves the principle of a vicarious offering of worship; and however applicable this may be to other parts of church service, we cannot think it sufficient in this. Is not the tendency of *mere* choral service toward performance and show?

Second,—Should not singing in church be universal,

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comprising, as all church song does, personal petition and praise? Is there propriety in that form of worship which cuts off the congregation from its direct utterance? The idea is almost exploded now that we can praise God either by deputy or machinery. And the most zealous conservators of an every-day religion are beginning to see the need of a church psalmody which shall not exclude or repel any, but which shall bring the utterances of praise to the lips of all the people. We therefore believe that singing in church should be universal,—in other words, "congregational." It should not be left to the organ with deafening diapason, or to the poor charity children encircling its base, or to the trained choir; these, which should be the leaders of the people's worship, often not only awe the great congregation into silence, but also possess them with the notion that they are not expected to sing, and, in fact, that the whole thing is to be done for, and not by, them. Is not the organist or choir engaged for the purpose? It may be even so, but it were far better to dispense with these and perform our own duty to the Deity and religion. But some will say, "Are organs and choirs then objectionable?" To this we reply: Not if they are kept in their proper place, as the helpers and sustainers of general singing; but they are objectionable, if they usurp the place of the solemn utterance of the people's worship.

When the organ is found simply accompanying the service, and the choir is content with leading the congregation, they are valuable helps to singing in church; but when they take the entire service of song to themselves, we protest against it in the name of Religion, and the aims of her services.

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We have good authority for insisting on congregational church singing. Thus, the Psalms of David were sung in the ancient Hebrew service. Together, and to a simple melody, the assembled Israelites responded to the Royal Psalmist's holy shout: "Let all the people praise Thee, O God, yea, let all the people praise Thee!" The early promoters of English Church Music seem to have been of the same mind. As far back as 1550 began the revival of a people's psalmody, and there is a long list of those who, since the time of John Marbeck, have made England's music famous, by means of her now classical Church Services and song. The efforts of the earliest of these composers were directed to supply the means of musical utterance for the mass of the people. This originated the Plain or Church Song — an air with accompaniment by the choir. Thus the well-worn Old Hundredth Psalm was arranged by Dowland in 1621.

Our next proposition is, that *Church Music should be simple.* The chant, the hymn, and the anthem, to be brought within the capacity of the assembled people, should be easy.

The chant is easily made adaptable to universal use. From its simple construction, it is the readiest means of singing in church, and with a moderate amount of pains might be the medium of devotion to an increasing extent, bringing as it does the inspired and majestic utterances of the Sacred Writings into the song of the worshipper. There is a tendency, however, on the part of some, by a too rapid change of musical phrase and key, and by the employment of harmonies more curious than convenient, to endanger even this, the most rudimentary part of church

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singing. We believe that, for all the purposes of worship, the simpler the form and the fuller the utterance of praise, the better and grander the result.

And why should the people be excluded from singing the anthem? A text of Scripture is often, by the variety of expression given in musical phrasing, made to write its import upon the mind with all the emphasis of an eloquent exposition. And if the sacred refrain could be taken, as threaded on some pleasant theme, into the home and into the memory, what cheering remembrances might come to us, when and where we most need them, viz., amid the din of daily duty and the cares of daily life. Of course there are many anthems which can only be efficiently sung by a trained choir, and it is a matter of choice whether this should be; but if it is thought desirable to use difficult compositions, it should not be to the exclusion of the anthem, in which all may join. Let it be substituted for a reading, not for worship. When a church service degenerates into mere performance, is it not rather an offence than an offering to Heaven? It seems to us worthy of the same notice which a daily paper gave, when it described a reverend gentleman in Exeter Hall as having uttered "the most eloquent prayer ever delivered to a British audience."

The most popular, and to a great extent the most national, kind of church song is the psalm or hymn-tune, which, with chorales, make up what is popularly called Psalmody. The hymn-tune sometimes degenerates, at times of religious excitement especially, into a vulgar style. Tunes of this kind may be found, with numberless flourishes and repeats, some of which are most awkward. For instance, the well-known tune called "Job," sung to the words of the

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ending, "Where my great Captain Saviour's gone," makes the singer say "Where my great Cap." It would require a Job's patience, or troubles, to make us hear this with gravity. But another class of tune is more or less British, and includes such tunes as "Winchester," "St. James's," or "St. Peter's;" and though they are of unequal merit, yet for many reasons, but especially because of the popular kind of poetry with which they are associated, and because they are easily learned and sung, they are of immense importance in connection with church singing. Happily we need not now presume that all our congregations are so ignorant of musical science, as to need such an arrangement as we have noticed in connection with the old Plain or Church Song. The advancement of education and the popularizing of musical instruction, the multiplication of printed Psalters, and even notations, places the means of acquiring such knowledge within the reach of all. And we look forward to the time when zeal in this direction shall transform each great congregation into a huge choir, which shall send up its shout of praise as a mixed perfume from old and young, rich and poor, and which as a cloud shall fill all the house, marking the place as the Tabernacle of the Most High.

There are other and powerful arguments in favour of a simple church song. Its *object* is not that of the oratorio, —either dramatic, pictorial, or merely narrative. The object of singing in church, if we understand it aright, is to give utterance to personal praise; each living soul is there to utter through the lips the song of praise, of adoration, of thankfulness, or else of penitence or prayer. And all is a delusion or worse, if not intelligently addressed to the Almighty. What is the argument? Why this—that

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anything which takes the attention from the act of worship, be it difficult music, or what not, is a mistake.

The medium of utterance, that is, the tune, should be free from difficulty, lest the whole service become meaningless, or else a mere performance. And while we may be prepared to allow that the best efforts of human skill may be dedicated with propriety to the services of religion, we cannot believe that the utterance of grand harmonies will be accepted by the Divine Being, instead of the expression of thoughtful, devout, and personal praise. A church song which will neither exclude the aged or the young, the high or the humble, the musically gifted or the dull, is likely to produce that kind of singing in church which will help the people to a greater interest and belief in the sacred duties of Christian worship.

When our people begin to see their *personal duty* in this matter—see that an organ and choir can no more praise for them than believe for them, or be honest and pure for them, then each pew will contain its choir, and singing in church be a duty and a delight.

HOW SHALL WE BEST FACILITATE GENERAL OR CONGREGATIONAL SINGING?

There is no doubt, even in cases where much expense is incurred, and pains taken with choir and organ, that the music of the people is neglected. The *first* thing to be obtained seems to be, a oneness of aim and effort on the part of those who lead and those who attend our religious services. Unless the teachers of the people, and the people, agree as to the *duty* of singing in church, they will not be likely to produce a united psalmody. The *second* thing is personal

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preparation. Apart from considerations of policy or of pleasure, we believe that every Christian should learn to sing, as *a duty*, as a sacred obligation due to the requirements of Christian worship. This will require a little time, thought, and trouble, but it will repay the conscientious in the gratifying result when each is able to contribute something pleasant to the grand utterance of the great congregation. Then what a powerful help to psalmody it will be when music is taught as it should be in all our schools! Singing, healthful and recreative as it is, has been too much neglected, in our boys' schools especially. While it is held important that a lad should be fitted for the counting-house, or the workshop, he is not duly prepared to take his part in the celebration of the service of church song, in connection with that holy faith which, it is hoped, will be his guide and solace through life, and his comfort at its close. On many grounds, music should form an indispensable part of youthful culture, but on no ground more imperatively than this. Soon we hope to see this remedied, and then really good singing will be added to the three indispensable R's of the commonest English education.

But until this remedy for musical ignorance is applied, we need the psalmody class, or the elementary singing class;—and these should be standing institutions in connection with all our churches. All should attend the psalmody class, and each should share the responsibility. How often is this done? Is it not left to the clergy and church managers? Anxious as they may be to extend the act of singing in church, unless they are supported by the people, with whom, after all, the burden of responsibility rests, the result cannot be satisfactory. How rare is it to

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see people using the Psalter as well as the Psalms in church! Many say, with a chuckle, "I cannot read music; I never could!" And these same people would be ashamed to confess that they could not speak grammatically, understand geography, or even converse in French! They have "no ears" or "no voices!" We trust that a strong inclination or sense of duty will soon overcome these supposed hindrances.

In addition to the psalmody class, a mighty means of cultivating church song might be found in *home singing*. Why should not each fireside circle form its own psalmody class? The music, its beauty and interest, the words and sentiment, so soothing and important, should make such a domestic exercise a means of the highest and purest enjoyment, bringing as it were some of the incense of praise from the altar of the church, to consecrate the altar of home. If this were so, we should not see such spectacles in our churches as we may even now painfully witness. In some places the whole psalmody is done by the organist, and the crowd of children, who, receiving their education from the parish, thus pay what seems a miserable penance for it, by a singing in church in which no one cares to join.

Go down the aisle of yonder church during the hymn, and what do we see? Some without books, with wandering minds and wandering eyes. Some with books, looking in mute surprise at some zealous singer, who, in trying to perform his duty, is prominent from the very dreariness around him!—some so careless, that they begin the middle of each verse, and finish after all the rest! Yonder is a fine bass voice floundering away its sonorous beauty in a painful effort to sing the treble! while here is a treble

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voice manufacturing a shrill kind of bass! Who has not heard something like this?

Church song should be in music what religion is in morals—an act uniting all classes and conditions of society on equal terms, in the presence of the Almighty. A pure and simple church song should be that level of requirement which the humble and poor may attain to, and in which the educated and rich may join with profit and pleasure. Neglect of the culture of church song will lead the vulgar to rave and rant, and the refined to mere sensual ceremonials, but the songs of the church are for all. The music of worship is the atmosphere of religious communion, and, like our common air, must be shared by all alike.

THE END.

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